

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1882.

The Week.

HUBBELL'S campaign text-book appears to surpass in absurdity all the other productions of his pen, and is very abusive, and in fact vituperative, of all Republicans who do not agree with him about free trade and political assessments. He singles Mr. G. W. Curtis out for such epithets as "bulldozer," "wilful lbeller," "hypocrite," "ballot-box stuffer," and friend of "the Southern oligarchy," "Joseph Surface," "Bois-Guilbert," and "Front de Boeuf," and classes free trade with slavery and secession, denounces all civil-service reformers as "noodles," and ascribes the passage of the act forbidding assessments to a conspiracy of Confederate brigadiers. The fact that this amazing stuff is issued ostensibly by the Congressional Committee, makes it imperative, we think, on all Independent and Civil-Service Reform organizations to send it or extracts from it to all candidates for Congress, and ask them whether they approve of the volume, and whether they are prepared to justify the use of assessments levied on clerks for printing it. Categorical answers to these questions ought to be promptly obtained before the election, for it is quite certain that any one who is prepared to stand by Hubbell in this little publishing enterprise is not fit to sit in any legislative assembly—certainly not as a Republican.

The Albany Evening Journal says that "a coterie of small men, with mental horizon not wider than the field of ward primaries, and impudent ambitions as broad as the possibilities of the purse, have usurped the management of the party in this State," and that "their effrontery, their unscrupulousness, their selfishness disgust all thinking men, and their leadership deters thousands on thousands of young men from joining the Republican party." This is all true; but the Journal would have added to the effect of it if it had given even a partial list of the statesmen in this city with and through whom mainly the President acts when he tries to influence nominations and elections in this State. We place apart, as *facile princeps*, John F. Smyth, whose son received a pay-mastership in the Army the other day, from civil life—as a special mark of Presidential favor and friendship, we presume, for the father. The others are Tom Platt, Clint Wheeler, Steve French, Jake Patterson, Barney Biglin, Mike Cregan, Bob McCord, Jakey Worth, Jake Hess, and Mike Dady.

The present canvass, odd as it is in many of its features, has called forth nothing more grotesque than the suggestion of Mr. John F. Smyth, the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, at the conference of the Administration Republicans at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Monday, that the difficulties of the hour should be met by "an active stump canvass with such men as George William Curtis and

W. M. Evarts as speakers." Smyth, we believe, is a Scotchman and not given to joking, but there must have been a twinkle in his eye when he pictured Mr. Curtis stumping the State, under his (Smyth's) direction, in behalf of the Machine ticket, and elucidating the civil-service reform and anti-monopoly planks in the platform.

On Tuesday he appears to have touched the joke up a little, as most great humorists feel at liberty to do—Sheridan, for instance, carefully elaborated all his best jokes—by proposing Mr. Curtis as Congressman-at-large on the same ticket, vice Hepburn declined in disgust. But even as it stood, with this addition, the joke was really far better than Smyth thought it was, for while he was humorously preparing Mr. Curtis for the stump, Mr. Curtis was writing an indignant letter repudiating an article in *Harper's Weekly* which endorsed the ticket, and announcing his own intention to vote against it, as "the only effectual way of overthrowing the corrupt and debasing rule of a Machine." This article was one which Smyth had had struck off and distributed at the door to the Young Republicans in Brooklyn at their meeting last week, by way of warning against "the designing men" who have been leading them astray, of course in the belief that it was Mr. Curtis's. Now that it has come out that Mr. Curtis did not write it, and regrets its appearance, Mr. Smyth must really feel that, when he announced Mr. Curtis as one of his probable stumpers, he "built better than he knew," as a humorist. He was laying the foundation-stones of an immense Scottish joke, with wings and towers and a Mansard roof, and curious winding passages leading to little secluded chambers filled with laughter.

The public will hardly appreciate as they should the quality of the performance involved in the election of Mr. Smyth as Chairman of the Republican State Committee without recalling the facts of his remarkable political career, and particularly the manner in which he came to grief in 1880, while Superintendent of the Insurance Department. He narrowly escaped conviction on impeachment during his first term. When it expired, therefore, people were amazed to see Governor Cornell nominate him for a second; but this was too much for the Senate, particularly as he (Smyth) had just been enraging the local Republicans by a peculiarly audacious (even for him) attempt to "fix primaries" by issuing a call late in the evening for a meeting the next day at noon, so that none but his own confederates would receive it in time. His name accordingly had to be withdrawn, and it was freely charged against the Governor that he had sent it in mainly to give Smyth an opportunity to replenish the Machine chest for the coming campaign by extorting money from the insurance companies. Smyth held over, of course, pending another nomination, and, nothing daunted, he sought to improve the time by calling on three of the leading insurance companies of this city to sub-

mit to an "examination" of their assets (a process which in the ordinary course of things would have taken months), but informed them significantly that if they retained Mr. Chester A. Arthur's law firm as "counsel," and employed Mr. William A. Laimbeer and Mr. G. H. Henry, two of Smyth's henchmen, as "valuators," the report of these gentlemen would be accepted by him "as correct." What this meant may be inferred from the fact that "Tom" Murphy, when employed as a "valuator" the previous year, under similar circumstances, had sent in a bill, which the State Comptroller refused to pass, on a scale which would have given Laimbeer \$186,000 for "valuing" the assets of the Mutual Insurance Company alone. The insurance companies, to their honor, resisted, and refused to have their assets "valued" by any such persons, and their correspondence with Smyth, which was printed by order of the Legislature, was one of the most instructive bits of reading of the Grant "boom" in 1880. Mr. Arthur's firm, too, repudiated complicity with Smyth.

It is pleasant and hope-inspiring to see the gloomy view that ex-Senator Theodore M. Pomeroy, of Auburn, takes of the Republican field on account of the low moral tone of the Saratoga Convention, considering the part he played in saving John F. Smyth, the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, from punishment in 1880. Smyth was then impeached for malfeasance in office on charges which it seemed impossible to gainsay, and of the truth of which Senator Pomeroy was at first convinced, and his vote for conviction was confidently relied on. But he suddenly changed his mind. The result was that Smyth got off. Had he been convicted and removed from office it would undoubtedly have put an end to his political activity, and we should not now have the shame of seeing him elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee, as a piece of the preparation—heaven save the mark!—for the conflict of 1884. However, it shows how true is the saying of the poet that

"Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things"

when we find Mr. Pomeroy exclaiming:

"Look at John F. Smyth and B. Platt Carpenter. What kind of men are they to inspire confidence? They are regarded in the country as the representatives of everything in politics that is mean and detestable. Their very names are laughed at, when mentioned politically, even by their own side, and yet here are these two unpopular men at the head of the whole business, instead of being at the tail or out of sight altogether."

The Massachusetts Prohibitionists have just held a Convention, to which resolutions were submitted on Thursday condemning the license system, and asking for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The passionate enthusiasm with which the Prohibitionists devote themselves to the pursuit of prohibitory legislation, and the indifference with which they treat the question of enforcing it

after it has been enacted—which experience has shown is the chief difficulty of all attempts to put down drinking by law—is a very singular phenomenon. We believe it is strictly true that out of every three men who vote for a prohibitory law, or a constitutional amendment, two will do nothing to execute it, and laugh over evasions of it. The result is that wherever such a law exists it is openly and shamelessly disregarded in the very places in which there is most abuse of alcoholic drinks. Now, what does this prove? Simply that public opinion is not ready for prohibition in any country in the world, and that until it is ready prohibitory legislation will be mere child's play and worse. It follows, therefore, that Prohibitionists are still far from being ready to ask for legislation. Their business, if they have any, still is to operate on public sentiment. They have got enough converts to procure legislation in some places, but even in those places it would be wise not to ask for it until they get enough converts to put breakers of the law in the category of thieves and gamblers.

The application for a habeas corpus in the case of Mason, the sergeant who shot at Guiteau, was denied on Monday in the United States Circuit Court at Utica, by Judges Wallace and Coxe. General Bigelow, for Mason, contended that General Swaim as Judge-Advocate-General had reviewed or reversed the findings of the court-martial, but Judge Wallace observed that this was an impossibility, as Congress could not have intended that a mere staff officer should have power to reverse the sentence of a military court approved by the Department Commander. It would not be possible for anybody but General Swaim to think anything of the kind either, but he thinks in a way of his own. As he has declared that Mason is not guilty of an attempt to kill Guiteau because the latter was not in the line of his fire, or, in other words, because he did not succeed, there is no saying why he should not believe anything that he may think it convenient to believe about his own powers.

A very encouraging account is given of the operation of the new tax law of Vermont, which, in imitation of the Massachusetts statutes, requires appraisal at a full cash valuation and compels the taxpayer to declare his property on oath, under a penalty of double taxation if he fails to do so. Since the passage of the law, real estate has come up on the tax books from \$71,000,000 to \$103,000,000, and personal property has risen from \$15,000,000 to nearly \$47,000,000. If these figures represented an actual increase of wealth, of course everybody would rejoice at the prosperity of Vermont, and all other States would do well to copy the law at once and get rich; but the fact is that the increase of real estate is nominal, and is caused by appraising it at its full instead of a nominal value; while the increase of personal property is merely a disclosure of wealth which previously existed. There is no sort of doubt that such a law will make a taxpayer show his hand, but it is an irritating law, and some of the rich men of the State propose to contest its constitutional-

ity. Curiously enough, they have the rather important support of the Chief Justice of the State, who has refused to comply with the law. The reformers are now going to work to get him off the bench, and this would seem to be very necessary for their purpose.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which in its day has done as much to protect the rights of corporations as any court in the country, on Monday rendered a decision of considerable interest to passengers. The case arose out of an attempt on the part of the Pennsylvania Railroad to break up the sale of tickets by unauthorized agents. The Legislature of the State passed a law in 1868 making it the duty of every railroad company to provide its ticket-agents with certificates of authority duly signed and sealed, and making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any one not possessed of such authority to sell tickets at all. In the case just decided, a passenger bought a ticket from an unauthorized agent, and the company refused to recognize his right to use it in Pennsylvania, on the ground that it was sold in violation of the law of the State. The ticket was sold in New York, where the criminal laws of Pennsylvania are not in force. But it was contended by the company that the Pennsylvania courts could not enforce a contract arising out of a transaction which the Legislature had declared criminal. The Court, however, took the view that the passenger was not affected by the seller's act in any way; he bought what was on its face a perfectly good ticket, and he was not bound to inquire into the authority of the agent. His act, says the Court gravely, "had no savor of illegality or immorality. It was a mere purchase of the obligation of a common carrier to carry the holder according to its terms."

The singular thing about the case is not the decision, but that the right to use the ticket should have been contested by the railroad company at all. A decision that a passenger is bound to ascertain whether a ticket-agent has authority, under the laws of the State which charters the company, to sell tickets, would involve the most monstrous consequences. A passenger, before taking a railroad journey, would first have to consult a lawyer as to the nature of the authority required by the local statute; and would then have to ascertain, as a fact, whether the agent offering him a ticket possessed it. Not only would this be a serious inconvenience to travellers, but it is hard to see how it could possibly be for the interest of railroads, as the embarrassments it would create in the purchase of tickets would necessarily diminish the volume of travel. With the eternal quarrel between railroads and "scalpers" passengers have nothing to do. A corporation like the Pennsylvania Railroad must protect itself against loss through "scalping" by the ample punishment for the crime which the laws of the State seem to provide for the scalper himself; and an attempt to break up the business by repudiating its contracts with passengers is almost grotesque. With a community as continually occupied in travelling

as ours, the easy purchase and sale of railroad tickets are matters of necessity, and the one thing that would do more injury to railroads than any other would be the creation of a feeling of doubt in the minds of the public as to whether tickets good on their face were valid or not. Putting a passenger on his inquiry at every point, and surrounding the authority to sell with uncertainty, would in its way be followed by consequences something like what would follow the passage of laws putting the purchaser of an apparently good promissory note on his inquiry as to the circumstances under which it was made and put in circulation, and holding him responsible in case there was anything wrong.

The Supreme Court of Connecticut has decided that women may be admitted to the bar of that State, taking a different view of the rules of interpretation to be applied to the question from that adopted by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The Connecticut judges rely a good deal on the fact that women are appointed to the charge of post-offices under the laws of the United States, although the word descriptive of their office is "post-master." On the whole, women are making some progress in breaking down the barriers which exclude them from practice, but we believe the opening made for them in two or three States has brought few into actual jury practice. One of the common arguments against women-lawyers is the dangerous effect that they might have as women in biasing and clouding the intellects of juries and witnesses and even judges. But the fact seems to be that women who have great skill in thus affecting the masculine mind do not practise law, but confine their exertions to domestic life, and the few women who appear in court do little to strengthen the argument. At any rate, the evil cannot yet be said to be a crying one.

The public debt was reduced during the month of September by \$14,805,948, making the total decrease since June 30 \$44,794,238. During the week the Treasury payments were heavy, and were sufficient to strengthen the reserves of the New York banks to a moderate extent. The prepayment of called bonds not having been as rapid as was expected, the stock-jobbers took hold of the money market late in the week and advanced the rate for call loans, which had been 7@9 per cent., to 20 per cent. This rate was only maintained for a short time, but was sufficient, with other influences at work, to help to demoralize the stock market. The decline in stocks during the week ranged from 2 to 16½ points, the latter having been in the Louisville and Nashville stock, the finances of which company were found to be in a surprisingly unsatisfactory condition. The break-down in this stock helped to depress the whole market, which, however, closed at some recovery. Railroad earnings continue large, and the outlook for the winter's business is good. The foreign exchange market was very weak throughout, and rates for bills on London fell to within 2 cents to the pound sterling of the rate at which gold coin can be imported. This decline was due to the increased exports, particularly of

cotton; to the shipment of railroad securities, chiefly to London, and to the high rate for money here, which induced practical transfers from the markets where it is cheaper. It is expected that the Bank of England will again advance its discount rate, now 5 per cent., to prevent, if possible, the shipment of gold to New York.

The movement in England for an improvement in dramatic education seems to have come to a standstill, not owing to any want of enthusiasm, but from the difficulty of securing an efficient corps of instructors. There is in France a class of competent actors, well on in years, but out of engagements, which is drawn upon for this purpose; but in England this class does not seem to exist. Most leading actors in England and America are self-made; and no one who has listened with care to the most eminent tragedians and comedians of our time can have helped observing that many of the most distinguished among them do not merely lack dramatic education, but instruction of a more elementary kind. We frequently meet, at least on the New York stage, with actors of great histrionic powers who use their own language, to say nothing of the French expressions with which they are so frequently called upon to struggle, in an extremely original manner; but we are bound to say that as a rule these blemishes attract but slight attention from the audience, and as long as this is the case, it is hardly reasonable to expect much improvement. Still, we must say that in the present condition of the drama in this country, grammar and pronunciation are what need reform quite as much as elocution and gesticulation. Mr. Boucicault's attention does not seem to have been called to this.

The National Liberal League had a meeting on Monday, and its Secretary, Mr. Leland, read a report detailing the progress of the Liberal movement in its various endeavors. The League transacted some important business in adopting a new calendar as a substitute for that now in use, with the year 1600 B. C. as the starting point. For the letters A. D. the letters E. M. are to be used, meaning Era of Man. This action seems to be hasty; for, however poor an opinion he may have of Christianity, even a Liberal must admit that, if the performances of the human race are to be taken as a basis for the new calendar, man had not distinguished himself in the year 1600 B. C. nearly as much as he had at the opening of the Christian era. And as every Liberal must believe in continuous human progress, even by 1600 A. D. man had not reached the proud position he occupies in the current year. Indeed, there can be no point at which the Era of Man can be said to begin, unless it is when our primeval ancestor parted company with his simian congeners and set up for himself as a human being. The difficulty about this as a starting point is that it was before historical times, and the precise year in which it took place has not as yet been ascertained. But since that time, whenever it was, there has been continuous progress year by year and month by month, and therefore, while it is perfectly fair for Christians to maintain a calendar based on what they be-

lieve to be an important religious date, no Liberal without unfairness to Man can possibly have the right to fix upon an arbitrary date and assume that as the starting point of progress; and Liberals, of all people, ought to remember that Man's unfairness to Man makes countless thousands mourn.

Judge Lawson, who committed Mr. Dwyer Gray for contempt of court a month ago in Dublin, inflicting the very heavy penalty of three months' imprisonment, a fine, and security afterward for good behavior, has liberated him, remitting the bail, but retaining the fine of £500. The reasons he gives for this clemency will, we fancy, increase the scandal caused by the sentence. The offence was the publication in Gray's paper, the *Freeman's Journal*, of a charge that the jury, which was legally in his own charge as High Sheriff, was drunk when considering its verdict in a capital case. If the offence called for such a sentence a month ago, it calls for it still. But the Judge now says he mitigates it because there is a better state of things in the country at large, and because there is an improvement in the tone of Gray's paper. His remarks may of course have been misreported in the telegraphic summary, but if this rendering be correct, we fancy it must greatly stimulate the feeling, of which the sentence called forth much expression, that the power of judges to punish for contempt of court should be curtailed and regulated by statute. A judge has no more right to punish a man severely for contempt by way of improving the condition of the country or improving the tone of newspapers he does not like, than to punish him for the purpose of influencing an election. To remit part of the sentence, therefore, because the political situation has improved, or because the Judge likes the articles in the prisoner's paper better than he used to like them, is to confess an abuse of power of a very gross kind.

The Radicals and Bonapartists in France are passing through a period of great perturbation. A few weeks ago a duel between ten editors of one journal and ten of another was proposed, in imitation of the famous fight of Beaumanoir. Why it never came off we do not know, but the mere proposal shows what the condition of the editorial mind must be. More recently, a large armed band visited a Radical newspaper office, and compelled the foreman of the composing-room to remove certain obnoxious matter from the form before the paper went to press. He had to comply, but he did not go to press, and, giving notice to the subscribers of his paper, they arrived, in arms, also, in the composing-room, when another attempt was to be made to get the paper out. They found the foreman—who is perhaps the editor also—entrenched behind one of his imposing-stones, with a cocked revolver, and waiting for succor and exchanging bad language with his assailants, who had returned to the assault. These were speedily expelled by the relieving force, who mounted guard over the office till the publication was complete, and then marched in a column of twos through the

streets, with no molestation from the enemy, who were waiting outside, except cries of "To-morrow!" Radical meetings, too, are very boisterous. Dissidents, who in France are very numerous, because they entertain there the extinct Anglo-Saxon notion that meetings are held for discussion, usually speak up in opposition to the regular platform orators, but, far from getting a hearing, are threatened with expulsion, and are expelled unless they have a following strong enough to hold the room. At a meeting at Bordeaux the other day the forces were so equally divided that they fought for a good while and filled the hall so tightly that the police could not get in, and the row was brought to a close only by turning off the gas. It ought to be said that the high Conservatives are as ferocious in their temper as the low Radicals. One of their editors has recently said that in journalism he belonged to the school of Marat—that is, that he would like to cut the throats of editors who differed with him—but this did not prevent his belonging in politics to the school of Bossuet.

The *Temps*, which is one of the soberest and best of French journals, has lately been moralizing over this state of things in an article entitled "American Manners," in which it draws the conclusion that these goings on are proofs that French manners, of which in their natural state it makes a beautiful picture, are being rapidly "Americanized." But the truth is that French journalistic manners have always been as bad as bad could be. Editors have always abused each other in vituperation which differed mainly from the American article in being more careful, elaborate, and ingenious. But it has always drawn a little dignity from the fact that the opponents winced under it, and that it made almost any of them fight. In fact, the conditions of French journalism have resembled those of Southern journalism, except that quarrels in France do not end in street fights, and are almost always settled with swords, and are consequently seldom deadly. In the earlier days of American newspapers at the North, coarse abuse of rival editors was much more common than it is now, but never have any editors, however bellicose, been successful in getting their subscribers to espouse their quarrels, much less to go to the office of a rival sheet, revolver in hand, to exercise a censorship over it. To American readers, and let us add juries, editorial quarrels always have the air of a farce, or of professional by-play, like the invectives exchanged by opposing but friendly lawyers before a jury. And then the practice of breaking up meetings is one which has no longer any place in American political manners. It prevailed during the abolitionist days, and has probably been not uncommon during the "outrage" period at the South, but in normal peaceful times it is not one of the things which an excited American partisan thinks of doing. In fact, if French political manners were really Americanized, what Frenchmen fond of the old times would have to mourn over would be the growth of excessive patience under insults and abuse, not an increase of irritability or of readiness to resort to force.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27, to THURSDAY, October 3, 1882, inclusive.]

DOMESTIC.

THE Republican dissatisfaction over the result of the Saratoga Convention has increased and become very outspoken. The election of the notorious ex-Insurance Commissioner John F. Smyth as Chairman of the Republican State Committee has given great offence. It is found, also, that in addition to the vote of "Steve" French in the State Committee at Saratoga, on the question of giving the organization of the Convention to the Stalwarts, two other fraudulent votes were cast. Ira M. Hedges took the place of F. Tomkins, without any proxy, but with the understanding that he would vote with the Cornell men; but he voted for Madison. W. J. Montanye voted in place of A. P. Smith, being allowed to do so on the strength of a telegram purporting to come from Mr. Smith, but which Mr. Smith never saw. Ex-State Senators Woodin and Foster have declared their intention not to support the head of the Saratoga ticket. United States District-Attorney Stewart L. Woodford has declared that the fraud and forgery resorted to at Saratoga vitiated all the Convention did, and that "the short, direct, and honorable way out of it is for Judge Folger to refuse to accept a nomination made under the circumstances. His associates on the ticket would be in honor bound to follow his example. The Republican Convention can be reconvened, and, with the prestige the party will secure in standing for the right, the ticket then nominated will be elected." The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, has announced that he will not vote for or support Secretary Folger for Governor. He says: "I stood by the cradle of the Republican party, and I have been proved to be one of its members. But when it is shunted off on the wrong track, I cannot follow it, and I will not go over the precipice with it." Hon. Sherman S. Rogers, of Buffalo, has come out for Cleveland. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon on Sunday night, denunciatory of the Saratoga proceedings and the ticket, in which he said, "And when Cornell went out, Avarice and Revenge kissed each other." Mr. George William Curtis has written a letter denying that he has advised Republicans to support Judge Folger, and saying: "Every good citizen is bound to resist to the utmost such a wrong to free institutions, and the only effectual way in which the voters can emancipate themselves from the corrupt and debasing rule of a Machine is to defeat its candidates." The Brooklyn Young Republican Club, which took an active part in securing the election of Mayor Low, has passed resolutions denouncing "the interference of the Federal Administration with the free action of the people of this State in the selection of candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor," and declaring that "nominations obtained by such methods are entitled to no respect, and impose no party obligations upon Republicans to support them; but it cordially approves and heartily endorses the nominations of the Hon. Charles Andrews for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, and of the Hon. A. B. Hepburn for Congressman-at-large, and the Brooklyn Young Republican Club hereby pledges them its most earnest and active support." There has been considerable talk about Secretary Folger's declining the nomination, and the Executive Committee of the Kings County Republican General Committee, at a secret meeting last week, passed a resolution, by a vote of 17 to 6, that a committee be appointed to lay before Secretary Folger the situation in Kings County. It is understood that he was told that many influential Republicans considered his withdrawal the wisest course.

All doubts about Secretary Folger's intentions were set at rest by the publication of his letter of acceptance on Tuesday. In it he

asserts that the delegates to the Saratoga Convention were freely chosen in the usual manner, and, noticing the reports of fraudulent practices there, he says: "No one claims—no one believes—that I had lot or part therein, or previous hint or suspicion thereof. I scorn an end to be got by such means. I will not undertake to measure the truth of all these reports; that of one is beyond dispute." He says that there is no time to call another Convention, and he must accept the nomination in order to save his party, even if the result is his own political ruin. He goes over the platform at great length. At the same time a letter was printed from Mr. A. B. Hepburn, declining the nomination for Congressman-at-large, because he believes that a new Convention ought to be called.

The State Committee of the New York Anti-Monopoly League has issued an address favoring the election of the entire Democratic ticket.

A Free-Trade League has been formed in Kings County, N. Y., to promote free trade by direct political action, especially by furthering the election of freetraders to Congress.

Among the Congressional nominations of the last week are the following: S. J. Randall (Dem.), Third Pennsylvania District; S. Z. Bowman (Rep.), Fifth Massachusetts District; C. R. Skinner (Rep.), Twenty-third New York District; J. W. Wadsworth (Rep.), Twenty-seventh New York District; N. W. Nutting (Rep.), Twenty-fourth New York District; E. Wemple (Dem.), Twentieth New York District; W. W. Phelps (Rep.), Fifth New Jersey District; J. H. Brewer (Rep.), Second New Jersey District; T. M. Ferrell (Dem.), First (Robeson's) New Jersey District.

There was a fatal political riot at Lancaster, S. C., last Wednesday. From Democratic accounts, a negro procession came into town and a negro threatened a white man with a pistol. Several shots were fired, resulting in the killing of four negroes and the wounding of several others. The Greenback candidate for Governor, whom the Republicans supported, was prevented from speaking at Winnsboro last week by threats of rotten-egging.

Chairman Ramsey, of the Utah Commission, says: "The Commission completed the registration of the voters of Utah—35,000 persons, men and women—and 1,000 polygamists of both sexes were disfranchised. The people generally received the Commission very cleverly, and we had no trouble in carrying out the provisions of law with reference to registration. So far as elections are concerned, they will, of course, be carried by the Mormons. Politics in Utah are not represented in any degree by parties—Republicans and Democrats—but by Liberals, composed of the entire anti-Mormon class, and the People's party, as the Mormons style themselves. The common interest of all Gentiles is directed exclusively against Mormonism. Of course, the Mormon vote, which is at least two and a half to one, will elect the delegate to Congress, and the polygamists, knowing that their men and officers generally will be chosen, can well afford to acquiesce in their own disfranchisement."

The Anti-Monopolists of Nebraska have nominated E. P. Ingersoll for Governor.

In accordance with the Act of Congress, Secretary Chandler has appointed the following Board of Naval Officers to investigate the circumstances of the loss of the *Jeannette*: Commodore William G. Temple, President; Captain Joseph N. Miller and Commander Frederick V. McNeir; Master Samuel G. Lemly, Judge-Advocate.

The gross receipts of the Post-office Department for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882, were \$41,265,317 10, against \$36,217,511 55 for the previous year, an increase of \$5,047,805 55. The net surplus will be about \$1,500,000.

The annual report of Chief Dallas of the Dead-Letter Office shows that of the letters

and parcels opened in the office during the year ended June 30, 1882, 19,989 contained money; that 24,575 contained drafts, checks, notes, etc.; 44,731 contained receipts, certificates, paid notes, etc.; 39,242 contained photographs; 52,463 contained postage-stamps; 90,842 contained merchandise, books, etc.; and 3,406,577 contained nothing of value.

It is found that the new State Department building in Washington is so poorly built that the expensive copper roof leaks and the plastering in the upper story drops off constantly.

Stephen W. Dorsey, of Star-route notoriety, has been elected Chairman of the Arkansas Committee for the Garfield Memorial Fair in Washington.

Jay A. Hubbell is said to be preparing a third assessment circular to officeholders who have not paid, as well as a special assessment for this State.

President Arthur is fishing among the Thousand Islands.

An analysis of the bouquet handed to Guiteau by Mrs. Scoville the day before his execution shows that one large bud contained more than five grains of arsenic.

United States Judges Wallace and Cox have refused to grant a writ of habeas corpus in Sergeant Mason's case, holding that a Judge-Advocate-General is simply an advising officer of the War Department, and that Congress never intended to give him power to reverse the findings of a court-martial.

The trial of five men in Philadelphia charged with fraud in connection with Star-route bids has resulted in the acquittal of four and the conviction of one, Joseph R. Black, with a recommendation to mercy.

The Tariff Commission have held sessions in Charleston, S. C., Wilmington, N. C., Richmond, Va., and Baltimore, and are again in session in this city. At Wilmington they heard an argument in favor of a duty on peanuts and chalk.

An expedition sent out by the United States Fish Commission to the edge of the Gulf Stream, in search of tile-fish, has returned unsuccessful in this, but reports the discovery of a new food fish which resembles sea bass.

The public debt was decreased \$14,805,948 83 in September.

The Supreme Court of Connecticut has decided that women may be admitted to the bar there.

A bill has been filed in the Court of Chancery at Trenton, N. J., to prevent the Monmouth Park Association from holding any races or permitting gambling upon its premises. All open betting was prevented at the Jerome Park races, near this city, last Saturday, and several "book-men" who attempted to take bets quietly were arrested.

A suit is pending in this city to decide whether the elevated railroads can be required to carry freight.

The Superior Court of Illinois has decided that Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners of that State have authority to regulate freight charges from points in Illinois to points outside the State.

The Edison electric light is giving good satisfaction in this city, the only complaints coming from persons who expected a stronger light than the ordinary electric lamps give. Outside the city, the Edison Company now have 16,976 lamps run by isolated plants. Of 120 lamps in use in some mills in Holyoke, Mass., only five have broken since last April.

The American Steam Heating Company has four miles of main pipe laid in this city. The new method of supplying heat is said to be very popular.

The steamboat *R. E. Lee*, perhaps the finest boat on the Mississippi River, was burned last Saturday morning, thirty miles below Vicksburg. Many lives were lost—twenty-one, it is thought—including several women. A very valuable cargo was also destroyed. The cause

of the fire is unknown. The vessel burned with astonishing rapidity. The pilot stood by his wheel, almost enveloped by the flames, until the boat was run ashore.

A train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad was stopped one mile west of Grenada, Col., by armed men, last Saturday night, and the express car was robbed of \$5,500 in money.

A man named Rhodes, who brutally murdered an old man and his wife, near Charlottesville, Va., last February, was lynched near that town last Monday morning. After the murder he fled to Tennessee, where he married a reputable young woman.

A very bold robbery was committed in the Exhibition Building at Cincinnati last Wednesday. Just after the doors were opened two men opened a show-case and removed \$12,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry, with which they walked away.

Much excitement has been caused at Yale College by the arrest of a Senior, on a charge of obtaining money from under-graduates by false pretences. He has confessed the crime and been fined.

Eleven Sophomores have been sent from Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa., for hazing Freshmen.

The yellow fever is subsiding at Brownsville, Texas, and at Matamoras.

Several shoe-manufacturing firms in Maine are preparing to move their factories from that State, because of the strikes among their employees.

The Trustees of the Newton (Mass.) Theological Institution (Baptist) have voted—13 to 9—that Dr. E. P. Gould's chair (concerning New Testament interpretation) be declared vacant, on the ground of differences of opinion in theological matters between him and President Hovey.

FOREIGN.

An important resolution was adopted at Gotha on Sunday by the leaders of the three great sections of the German Liberal party. The National Liberals joined the Secessionists and Progressists in declaring that Liberals should unite in a more closely organized association against all other political parties, without prejudice to the minor differences which exist in the party.

The only exciting event of the week in Egypt has been a disastrous explosion and fire which occurred at Cairo last Thursday afternoon. A shell on a loaded car exploded, scattering other shells all over the station. A train of cars was ignited, and the fire spread to the railroad depot, which was quickly burned. The flames next reached the commissariat depot, and thence extended to some of the magazines, which exploded. It was found impossible to save the reserve ammunition. The whole of the commissariat stores, the main ordnance stores, the greater part of the forage, all the hospital necessities, and a large quantity of clothing were destroyed. The loss is estimated at £100,000. There was also some loss of life. It was supposed at first that the explosion was caused by a spark from a passing train, but incendiarism is now suspected. Many natives went about the city afterward, shouting with delight over the explosions, and crying: "This is the people's bonfire, lit by the people in honor of the Khedive's infidel friends." During the fire, two men with torches were seized while endeavoring to fire an adjacent quarter of the town.

The Egyptian Ministers have agreed upon the wording of three decrees, which the Khedive has signed. The first institutes a special commission for the prosecution of all acts of rebellion committed by the military or by civilians. The second orders that a court-martial with eight members, Rauf Pasha presiding, shall be held in Cairo, and that it shall give judgment according to the military code, without appeal, in all cases submitted by the above-named commission. The third directs

the assembling in Alexandria of another court-martial to try all cases submitted by the tribunals recently appointed in Alexandria and Tanta. The proceedings of both courts-martial will be public, and the accused persons will be permitted to employ counsel. The Khedive will soon issue a decree granting amnesty to all officers, from captains downward, engaged in the late rebellion, excepting those who directly participated in the riots or joined the Army after the beginning of the campaign.

There have been riots in several towns in Upper Egypt, owing to the efforts of officials to enforce demonstrations of loyalty to the Khedive. Flags and devices have been torn down by mobs, and Christians have been insulted and maltreated. A correspondent at Alexandria telegraphs that he is assured that the Egyptian Government has possession of a telegram from Prince Ibrahim to Arabi Pasha congratulating him on the supposed Egyptian victory at Kasassin, and hoping that at the next Feast of Bairam Englishmen would be sacrificed instead of sheep.

A grand review of the British troops was held on Saturday afternoon in the square in the centre of Cairo, where the troops assembled after marching through the streets. Arabi Pasha and Tulba Pasha watched the review through the bars of their prison windows.

Alexandria is daily becoming crowded with people, and rents are greatly increasing.

General Wolseley will not leave Cairo until urgent questions awaiting solution in connection with the courts-martial, the withdrawal of a portion of the British troops, and the reorganization of the Egyptian Army, are settled. He has been ill, but has recovered.

Baker Pasha has tendered his resignation of his post of aide-de-camp to the Sultan, and gone to Egypt to reorganize the Egyptian Army. He has presented to the Khedive a scheme for the reorganization of the Army, making a portion of it consist of gendarmes, probably to be recruited from the Albanians. The scheme provides for the formation of municipal police for the towns, to be drawn from the most trustworthy native elements.

M. de Lesseps, writing to the London *Times*, says, regarding a proposed second Suez Canal, that his company possesses for ninety-nine years the exclusive privilege of maritime communication between the Gulf of Pelusium and the Bay of Suez. The *Times* says it entertains grave doubts of the validity of this claim.

Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador, has communicated to Lord Grenville, the British Foreign Secretary, a note from the Porte thanking Great Britain for reestablishing order in Egypt, and expressing hope that the bonds of friendship subsisting between Turkey and England may be drawn still closer. Lord Granville has replied, expressing satisfaction with these sentiments.

The Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, speaking at Hackney a few days ago, said: "England has no selfish object. Her chief concern is to secure to the Egyptians the best government and the greatest amount of liberty possible. The abuse connected with the late Control will be avoided in future. The Egyptians will not have to submit to the injustice of an unduly large part of their revenues being appropriated by foreign officials."

Mr. Gladstone, replying to an address presented to him on Monday, referred to the question of procedure in the House of Commons. He said the House could never meet the tremendous calls upon its energies unless it could shake off all timidity and fear of cant phrases, and set itself resolutely to the task of bringing procedure into harmony with the calls upon it. Referring to Egyptian affairs, Mr. Gladstone said he thanked God for the success of the British in Egypt; he thanked the army there and its skilful General. The war had proved that the army was composed

of men as brave as their forefathers ever were. The war had been carried out from love of peace and on principles of peace. In concluding, Mr. Gladstone said he trusted that Egypt would again be prosperous and happy.

In Dublin, Judge Lawson on Saturday ordered the release of Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, on the payment of a fine of £500. Mr. Gray's bail was remitted. The Judge, while defending his act in imprisoning Mr. Gray on legal grounds, said he felt that justice had now been vindicated, a better state of things being observable. Another farmer has been murdered in Ireland.

Archbishop Croke writes to the *Freeman's Journal* that he is authorized to state that Mr. Dillon will not press his resignation of his seat in Parliament just now, but will continue to represent Tipperary until his constituency has had ample time to select his successor, in the event of the continuance of his illness. It is stated that, in order to show his accord with Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon will attend the conference of the Parnell men at Dublin on October 18.

The Dublin police now believe that the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under-Secretary Burke numbered ten, and that they are still in Ireland, but that unless the aid of an informer can be secured, the crime cannot be brought home to the guilty persons. The weapons used in the commission of the murders were found some weeks ago.

There is a report that the Czar of Russia has been secretly crowned, in order that if he should be killed at the public coronation there might be no difficulty in proclaiming the Tzarsévitch Alexander the lawful successor.

The Russian officers at Kila, near the mouth of the Danube, are taking soundings, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the International Commission, and the Russian Government has arranged that Russians shall perform police duty instead of the employees of the Commission. In consequence of these infringements, a meeting of the Commission has been summoned.

M. Condouriotis, the Greek Minister at Constantinople, has told Saïd Pasha, the Turkish Prime Minister, that Greece will not renounce an inch of the territory ceded to her by the Porte.

Serious anti-Jewish riots have occurred at Pressburg and Blumenthal, Hungary. Houses of Jews were mobbed, and the district was put under martial law. Six hundred Jewish families have left Pressburg. Herr Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, has addressed a letter to the municipal councils, in which he expresses his conviction that every Council feels indignant at the anti-Jewish excesses in Pressburg. He says a renewal of the outrages must be prevented. Immediate action must be taken against the aggressors.

There is a hot quarrel in Paris between the two factions of the Bonapartists. The Jeromists declare that the recent duel between M. Dichard, editor of the *Petit Caporal*, and M. de Massas, editor of the *Combat*, in which the latter was killed, was virtually an assassination. The Republicans are delighted at these dissensions among their opponents.

A treaty has been signed by the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs and the Guatemalan Minister to Mexico, definitely establishing the boundary lines between the two countries.

The Chilean Government has completed all arrangements for selling the Peruvian nitrate deposits at auction.

Three members of the Salvation Army who recently arrived at Calcutta have been arrested, in order to prevent a riot which was imminent.

There is a terrible epidemic of smallpox at Cape Town.

The Japanese Envoy has had an audience with the King of Corea, and full agreement has been accorded to Japan's wishes. The chief Corean rebel has been carried to China.

MR. FOLGER'S ACCEPTANCE.

JUDGE FOLGER's letter of acceptance is not a cheerful or inspiring document, nor could it well be, under existing circumstances. A man who feels himself obliged to make an elaborate apology to the people for being a candidate, and who virtually asks them for a suspension of judgment as to the conscientiousness of his conduct in accepting a nomination, cannot be expected to be quite free from a certain depression of spirits when speaking to the public. The first part of Judge Folger's letter is really an appeal for sympathy, or commiseration rather, for an aged gentleman who finds himself in a very disagreeable situation from which he is not able to escape. This appeal would be more touching and effective had not Mr. Folger, when repelling the imputation of any personal connection with fraudulent practices, passed over that important subject rather lightly, satiating himself, and trying to satisfy the public, with the remark that "on the face" of the "methods of the Convention" everything was "fair, honest, and aboveboard." Mr. Folger knows very well that the worst of those "methods" became known only after the adjournment of the Convention, and that the "fairness" of the "face" of the proceedings was no criterion at all of its true character. He would, therefore, have gained more, for himself at least, by a straightforward avowal and vigorous condemnation of all that has happened, than by utterances which almost look like a timid attempt at palliation.

The fact that Mr. Folger, as he tells us, did not really desire to be a candidate, but was rather pushed into it against his liking, would under ordinary circumstances be calculated to strengthen him in popular sympathy. But in his case it only reveals the real trouble of the situation. Mr. Folger is a man of good repute, whom nobody thinks capable of resorting to or approving of dishonest methods to advance his political fortunes. When he says that he did not desire to be a candidate, we are bound to believe him. How, then, did his nomination come about? It was pushed by the Administration, and put through the Convention by such politicians as the notorious John F. Smyth, Steve French, Mike Cregan, Clint Wheeler, and their gang. With politicians of that class a man like Mr. Folger would not naturally be a favorite candidate. They would not spontaneously take him up merely to promote the cause of good government. That is not in their line at all. But when that class of politicians compass the nomination of a man who really does not like the part he is playing, and when all sorts of dishonorable practices, including forgery, are resorted to for that purpose, it is evident that there is some other power behind the whole scheme, of which these persons are the instruments, and that, although a man like Mr. Folger may not be willing to do all their behests, still his election would preserve the prestige of that power and keep it in healthy condition for further conquests and triumphs. Mr. Folger, the unwilling candidate, the candidate pushed forward by others, is, under such circumstances, a more unsympathetic sight than Mr. Folger heartily desiring power for

the purpose of carrying out his views of the public good would be. It is the men, the circumstances, and the influences surrounding him that make his election unacceptable to a large element in the Republican party, and the confession of his personal feelings with regard to his candidacy is, therefore, rather calculated to strengthen than to weaken their objections to him.

What he says about the different points of the platform is in great part by way of definition and interpretation. His remarks about municipal self-government are strong and to the point; also those on the matter of primary elections. Civil-service reform is treated in that vaguely sympathetic way to which political platforms have of late years accustomed us. When he speaks of "some revision of rules already adopted to render them less scholastic and more practical," he only shows that he has listened mainly to the opponents of those methods. Had he taken the trouble to investigate those rules himself, he would have found that they are already eminently practical and not "scholastic" at all. About the question of "free canals" he only repeats the recommendation of the platform that people should think about it. And as to the "anti-monopoly" question, he simply promises to do all he can, if elected, to give the Railroad Commission a fair trial, without expressing any further opinion upon a subject which certainly deserved more attention. It is not surprising, after what has happened, that Mr. Folger should not have been able to give us an address a little less perfunctory in tone.

Together with Mr. Folger's letter of acceptance, covering several newspaper columns, appears Mr. Hepburn's letter of declination, occupying only a few lines. Mr. Hepburn simply says that as, "owing to the unfortunate circumstances that have come to light since the adjournment of the Convention, a very large portion of the Republicans of the State are not disposed to accept its conclusions as an authoritative utterance of the party," he does not think it proper to accept the nomination offered to him. Mr. Hepburn being a man who has some elements of popularity about him, his withdrawal of course seriously weakens the ticket. Mr. Folger will probably in the course of time come to the conclusion that, had he written Mr. Hepburn's seven lines instead of his own three columns, it would have been better for himself and probably for his party, too. As he stands now, he is "in the hands of his friends." But it is those very "friends" in whose hands many thousands of Republicans do not want to place the State of New York and the future of the Republican party.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER delivered a discourse on Sunday, on the Saratoga nominations, which was full of the excellent sort of wisdom which makes expediency the handmaid of virtue. He proposes to vote for all of the Republican ticket except the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and we presume means in these two cases to vote for the opposing

candidates. He will do this, he says, first in order to rebuke the manner in which the nominations were made (and he happily ascribes these nominations to the union of "revenge and avarice"), and secondly, in order to present a protest, that cannot be misunderstood, against Federal interference in State politics, against the use of money in elections, and against open disregard of personal character in the conduct of party organizations—an insinuation which Mr. Beecher openly levelled at Mr. John F. Smyth and Mr. Steve French. In fact, the sermon—for we suppose, being delivered in a church on a Sunday evening, it was a sermon—was full from beginning to end of the soundest of sound doctrine. It was a little lesson on the application of morals to politics, by which every voter who reads it at this crisis cannot but profit.

Those who remember Mr. Beecher's defence of the operations of the Machine in this State three years ago, when Mr. Cornell was up for election as the instrument of the Machine, which he called "perhaps not the best thing you can imagine, but the best thing that in the present state of human nature you can have," and when he ridiculed the Young Scratchers (who were doing then the work the Brooklyn Young Republicans have since taken up), and denounced bolting as the product of conceited indolence, will probably profit most by his remarks last night. In fact, we recommend all those who wish to profit thoroughly by these remarks to read also the speech delivered at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the 8th of October, 1879. They will thus see the effect of increased experience and increased knowledge of his subject on an able man in a prominent public position, who is not prevented from avowing a change of opinion through fear of the charge of inconsistency.

The Machine in 1879 was precisely the same Machine which has nominated Judge Folger. It was in the hands of the same men exactly—not one of them has died, repented, or retired into private life. They had then precisely the same designs and standards they have now. They were then, however, trying to carry out their plans under cover of General Grant's name. They were eagerly seeking to get him back into the Presidency, both for the sake of his prestige and for the sake of the patronage he would place at their disposal, and the resolution with which he would support them against public criticism. They were putting Mr. Cornell into the Governorship of this State in the belief that he would continue to be the faithful partner he had previously been; and the Young Scratchers opposed him, and, but for Kelly, would have defeated him, in this same belief. For a while his course seemed to justify it, for he actually began by nominating Smyth, then fresh from impeachment, for a second term in the office of Superintendent of Insurance. The hostility of the Machine to him now is due to the fact that it believes itself betrayed by him. He refused to stay pliable, and they have had, therefore, to "slaughter" him, not only through revenge, as Mr. Beecher says, but in the interest of discipline. The Greek brigands always kill a prisoner who does not pay his ransom, even though they are perfectly satisfied that it is impossible for him to

pay it, because they cannot afford to let it go forth that an unransomed man has left their hands unscathed. It would ruin the business. In like manner the Machine cannot permit one of its own nominees to take up with impunity what it calls "Sunday-school methods," and begin to prate to it about honesty, or conscience, or the public interest, when it wants a bill passed or a henchman nominated. It would break up the Machine.

Mr. Beecher did not see all this in 1879. His observation of Machines was then limited or fitful, like that of most men who have passed their lives in sentimental politics. He did not think of the tendency to abuse of all unrestrained power. He thought that this New York Machine, though perhaps not a very perfect thing, would not grow any worse, and that it had better be let alone. He forgot, minister though he be, that everything human is only prevented from growing worse by constant effort and vigilance, and that Machines are no exception to the rule. Our Machine was not warned by its narrow escape in 1879, because it found that it could still get the support of men like Mr. Beecher, and was assailed by nobody but a handful of young and obscure men. So it took courage, and went on in its old ways, and became more and more audacious and unscrupulous and indifferent both to private and public morality, until, like Tweed, it provoked the "rising" we are now witnessing, and which Mr. Beecher, greatly to his credit, is stimulating.

We trust the lessons of the occasion will not be lost on him and all others who, three years ago, refused to give any countenance to revolt. One of these lessons is that the time to reform is when the abuse first shows itself, and that nothing is gained by waiting till it becomes unbearable. The price of liberty is not occasional vigilance, but constant vigilance. Another lesson is, that in politics there is no such thing as what is known in religion as "conversion." We believe there is no case on record in which a political knave really experienced for political purposes a change of heart. Bad politicians never grow good. They often affect goodness for a brief period, but it is only—like Josh Billings's mule, which behaved like a good mule for six months in order to throw the owner off his guard—for the purpose of diverting observation. There is, therefore, no use in praying for them, or watching them hopefully. If you are once satisfied that Steve, or Jake, or Barney, or Mike is engaged in tricky or dishonest games for the accomplishment of his objects, time spent in expecting him to turn out better than he promises, or to perceive that it is good policy to earn the praise of the righteous, is simply time wasted. We might as well wait for a weed to grow into a flower. A weed never grows into anything but a bigger and more noxious weed. The only thing to be done with him is to extirpate him.

THE CONDITION OF THE BAR.

THE account given by Mr. Rogers, the President of the State Bar Association, of the condition of the profession of which he is a member, is far from encouraging. He does indeed express the opinion that there are signs of improvement visible, but he does not mention

many. The removal and punishment of the Ring judges in this city, and the increased severity of the tests for admission, are pretty nearly all, and against these is offset a formidable list of abuses, and a very depressing picture of the connection between the profession and politics.

Judgeships are, he says—and we know how true it is—distributed more and more every year as spoils. If you want to know who is likely to fill a vacancy on the bench, "you do wisely not to inquire of the lawyers who lead the bar," but of "the local political managers and 'the boys' who do the hard work of the caucuses and conventions." "If among these you find one specially active and facile, and can learn that he rejoices in the distinction of being an attorney and counselor, so that when he votes in the convention he has, *prima facie*, the appearance of casting the vote of a lawyer, to him you may be confidently recommended as able to give an intelligent answer to your inquiry touching the personnel of the new judge." It is these active legal "boys," of whom there is a sprinkling in every convention, who dictate the judicial nominations, and it is inevitable that their work should be of a very poor order. They will not nominate distinguished lawyers as such; they nominate men who are not too far above their own legal level. Mr. Rogers says that if Marshall, Kent, or Story were to-day living in a Republican district, and was known as a Democrat, he could not be elected to the Supreme Court. Even if they were Republicans, we doubt whether they would be either nominated or elected, for they would belong to a class of lawyers between whom and the nominating body there is little or no connection. Moreover, the "boys" would feel the same sort of antipathy to them that they feel in the field of pure politics to "doctrinaires" and reformers. A lawyer of Judge Westbrook's standing would have a far better chance with them than any one of the three.

The only practical remedy that Mr. Rogers suggests for the evils by which the profession is afflicted, is that the association of which he is president should have authority to discipline and punish members of the bar throughout the State for misconduct in their professional relations. Perhaps the most immediate objection to this proposal is that the State Bar Association has hardly the standing which would make the plan of vesting it with such powers worth considering. Mr. Rogers himself makes a very pointed reply in expressing a doubt whether this body "has made itself felt very sensibly, either upon the profession or the State at large." It certainly has not, as a reformatory agency. Besides, a censorship much more elevated than such as is exercised by the bench itself is out of the question. Judges are naturally vested with the discipline of the bar, and it is the judges who are primarily responsible for any want of discipline that may exist. With a political system that produces such judges as we have, a body like the State Bar Association, which is a sort of professional club with no very severe tests of admission, is not likely to do the work any better.

At most such a remedy as that proposed by Mr. Rogers is a mere palliative. The disease,

of which he gives a very accurate diagnosis, remains. Until judicial nominations can be taken out of the hands of the legal "boys" who run the machinery of the nominating conventions, the causes which produce the present low condition of the bar will still be in active operation. The bench must be elevated if the bar is to regain its old standing. Of course, judges must be appointed through some sort of political machinery, and the old system of appointment was better than the new, mainly because the machinery was better. Election means virtually appointment by the "Mikes" and "Toms" and "Bobs" who run conventions, with the advice and consent of the political lawyers described by Mr. Rogers, instead of appointment by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Senate. Now, however poor a Governor we may have, it is impossible that his nominations—for which it must be remembered he is responsible—should not be better than those which are the product of this system. History is, of course, full of instances of bad judicial nominations, but they have been made by Executives who were not responsible to anybody for their acts. The "Mikes," "Toms," and "Bobs" of our politics really are less responsible than any persons ever charged with the duty of selecting judges. The worst sort of a king can always be driven into exile, or even beheaded if he becomes too bad to endure; but we have not this crude means of redress against Mike and Tom. They are shielded from pursuit by the fact that they are only members of an indeterminate body who, by a pleasant fiction, represent the public at large or an entire political party.

A return to the method of appointment is for the present out of the question; but it ought to be kept in view that the existing system is at the root of all the evils which afflict the profession, and that all efforts for reform which stop short of affecting this will result in no permanent cure. Meantime, there is nothing that such bodies as Bar Associations can do to keep the bar pure and honorable half so effective as by seeing that no really bad judicial nomination is allowed to pass without exposure. They may not be able to have much voice in the selection of the candidates, but they can at least pronounce—and pronounce plainly—upon the unfitness of a candidate when once nominated. The Bar Association here has done some good work of this kind, and certainly the State Bar Association would be more likely to effect something in this way than by undertaking a general censorship of the bar throughout the State.

PIEROLA'S RETURN.

It is some months now since the Administration abandoned its attempts to discover the defunct Government of Peru; Mr. Trescott, who carried his researches as far as anybody could, having come home without any greater success than Artemus Ward had in his effort to find "monarchy" in Canada. Meanwhile the country has remained in the occupation of the Chilians, and little or no progress has been made toward a settlement of the terms of peace. The report now set afloat that they are about to resort to the aid of Pierola to set up some

sort of a government with which to treat, is not improbable in itself, and seems to be confirmed by the fact that he is on his way back from Europe. Pierola, it will be remembered, was, down to the time of the surrender of Lima, in full possession of the Government, so that his return to power would merely restore the state of affairs which existed before the invention of the Calderon Government.

The return of Pierola would of course be regarded in many quarters as a curse to Peru; but it is by no means certain that reestablishment of his dictatorship is not the best thing that could happen to the country. It is perfectly obvious that Peru is now governed by Chili as a military conqueror, and that all the attempts at self-government have proved ridiculous failures. There are four or five patriots now contending for the position of President or Supreme Chief, and in the interior of the country a complete state of anarchy exists.

But the most important fact to be borne in mind, in considering the future of Peru, is the character of its civilization and its people. Mr. Blaine conducted his diplomacy with it much as if Peru was inhabited by a race of Yankees, accustomed to town meetings and constitutional government. The Peruvians are, however, as he ought to have known from information furnished by Mr. Christiancy, at a great remove from this. That minister, in a letter which will often bear quoting, written a year and a half ago, gave a vivid picture of Peru as he found it. It is in the main in a condition of barbarism. A mixture of Spanish, Indian, and negro blood has produced a half-caste population, there being in all Peru not over 200,000 pure whites. Labor is looked upon as a disgrace and degradation, and as only fit for a servile race. Three-fourths of the inhabitants were slaves down to 1856, and, though nominally emancipated, have hardly risen above the condition of slaves, and are still treated as such in many quarters. Wages are in many cases fixed by the authorities, and manual labor, where it is paid, commands no more than ten or twenty cents a day. To turn to the governing classes, "every man naturally looks only to what he deems his own immediate interest, or elevation to power, and, when placed in power, he seeks only to enrich himself by the opportunities which his office gives him to appropriate the public funds to his own use." In the case of claims against the Government, the way to get them allowed was "by giving a fair share" "to the President and Cabinet officers." In the conduct of the war precisely the results followed that might have been anticipated from such a state of society. The Peruvian soldiers were Indians or half-castes, driven into the ranks, and then marched up to Lima as "volunteers," while the officers (whites) were worthless, and, guided by what they deemed their "immediate interest," fled by scores when the fighting began to go against them, leaving their men to look out for themselves. This description, it should be said, was forwarded as a confidential communication to Mr. Blaine, and, as Mr. Christiancy had no ulterior object to serve, and warned the Department that if his letter was published he should go in fear of his life, it may be regarded as gospel truth.

Peru is rather worse off now than when Mr. Christiancy wrote this letter, and it is a mere dream to suppose that in such a country self-government, as we understand it, is possible. The question really is whether any government at all except through absorption in Chili is possible, and Chili can have no desire to annex Peru as a whole, because she would have to assume her enormous liabilities. But, at all events, to treat for peace and to secure the terms of it, some man is needed who is supported, not by the imaginary "character and intelligence" of Peru, for which Mr. Blaine ordered search to be made, but who is backed by money and bayonets. Pierola will have both, and he will, if once installed in power, have the motive of self-interest to maintain any government that is set on foot. But he in all probability represents foreign creditors of Peru, and has been repeatedly charged with being in the pay of the Dreyfus house. And thus we are brought once more face to face with the fact that the political question in Peru is primarily a question of a division of its assets among its creditors. Pierola is probably put in as a sort of receiver.

NEW DATA ON THE GULF STREAM.

THAT "there's a tide in the affairs of men" has long been recognized by other than hydrographers. How completely the elucidation of many terrestrial problems is dependent upon a tide of concurrent events which must be taken at the full is seldom realized, even in the midst of success. Undaunted resolution, daring courage, brilliant invention—all have repeatedly failed in their object, which later, though by no bolder or wiser endeavor, has been attained, as it were, on the fulling tide. In no department is this truer than in Hydrography, especially in relation to its wider problems—the oceanic circulation, the conformation of the sea-bed, and the distribution of life and sediments by the one upon the other. Thus, it is certain that Sir John Ross in 1818 must have had protected thermometers essentially similar to those now in use, in principle if not in form; but, on the revival of deep-sea hydrography caused by the introduction of telegraph cables, such thermometers were found to be a necessity, and were independently reinvented. In 1850 Lieut. Walsh, of the U. S. Navy, introduced and used wire for sounding in the Atlantic sea-bed. The detaching apparatus of Brooke was yet to be invented, the necessity of steam in navigating and working hydrographic expeditions was not yet realized, and so it was reserved for Sir William Thomson, twenty-two years later, to bring wire again into notice. This, with Thomson's new and ingenious application to sounding-reels for determining the contact of the weight with the bottom of the old principle of the brake, together with the employment of seagoing steamships for hydrographic service; the invention of the Miller and Negretti thermometers; the improvement of the Brooke sounding apparatus, and the commercial demand for cable surveys, formed the flood-tide on the utilization of which our present success in deep-sea exploration depended. Instead of exhibiting Sir William Thomson's originally impracticable machine to occasional visitors as the curious failure of an eminent man of science (as is said to have been done on a more pretentious expedition), Captain Belknap and the officers of the *Tuscarora* set their American inventiveness at work perfecting appliances and correcting defects, with what success the world knows. Since the voyage of the *Tuscarora*,

hydrographic science has profited largely by new inventions of Thomson, Siemens, Sigsbee, Agassiz, and others, and hydrographic work, in a strict sense, has been prosecuted in American seas as never before.

Naturally, the first attention in these investigations was given to the study of the Gulf Stream and the region whence it is derived. Since the time of Franklin, this subject has had special attractions for American science, from its important bearing on our commerce and climate. The United States Coast Survey, almost from the time of its organization, has devoted much of its means and time to the investigation of the characteristics of this current. The work has enlisted the sympathies of successive Superintendents to an unusual degree, and has been faithfully carried out by officers of the United States Navy, acting under the direction of the Survey, in accordance with existing laws. Much has been published in official reports, much still remains in bulky manuscript, but all that was done previous to the application of the improved methods above mentioned is of less importance than the results of the work of the last five years. In fact, the investigations carried on by Commander J. R. Bartlett, under the direction of the Survey, during the last two years, have overturned entirely many old theories still to be found in all text-books, and rendered necessary an entire remodelling of our notion of the Gulf Stream itself.

The question of the origin of ocean currents, properly so called, appears to be definitively settled in favor of the reaction of the atmospheric upon the oceanic circulation—that is to say, they are caused by the winds, and modified by the differences of rotational diameter of the earth between the equator and the poles, which, as shown by Ferrel, tend to deflect to the right any moving body in the northern hemisphere, and to the left any such in the southern hemisphere. In speaking of ocean currents, it is to be understood that reference is made to bodies or streams of water having a motion in a given direction sufficiently rapid and constant to be taken into account as a regular factor in navigation. Were the general diffusion, due to differences of specific gravity, of warmer water northward and colder water southward included (as they often are) in the definition of a current, the case would be confused without any corresponding gain. The differences of opinion as to whether the Gulf Stream reaches Norway are chiefly due to such confusion of terms. As here understood, the Gulf Stream does not reach Norway, nor extend even as far as Great Britain, and the necessity for a clear definition will presently appear.

The Gulf Stream has been known in the past as a "river in the ocean," starting from the Caribbean Sea, making the circuit of the Gulf of Mexico, issuing with enormous rapidity and high temperature from the Straits of Florida, and continuing to about latitude 45° N., with banks and a bottom stratum of cold water everywhere "providentially" interposed, like a cushion, between it and the earth's crust. Without mentioning sundry vagaries of Maury which have been widely copied, it has been described as composed of warm and cold longitudinal bands, alternating with one another, and as running over, if not in, a great trough or depression of the sea-bed, extending from the Straits of Florida along the Atlantic coast of the United States as far as Hatteras, or to an undetermined distance. Many of the discrepancies between these views and the latest investigations have been the subject of recent comment in scientific circles, but naturally have not yet obtained a very wide general circulation. In contrasting the erroneous ideas deduced from

imperfect methods of work and faulty results in the past, with the achievements of Sigsbee in the Gulf and Bartlett in the Caribbean Sea and Gulf Stream, it must not be taken for granted that the labors of the earlier workers were any less energetic or conscientious than more recent attempts. On the contrary, in small, ill-fitted vessels, sometimes without steam-power, with small crews, and with experience all to gain, the first investigators dared the tempests which breed in the steaming current, the yellow fever which lurked in the ports where they were obliged to recruit, and difficulties of less important kinds in great variety. The differences of value in results are simply due to the differences of method now rendered possible by the combined use of several recently-constructed tools for the purpose.

In brief, the following is the general conception of the Gulf Stream as at present understood, subject, of course, to modification in minor details hereafter: The north equatorial current of the Atlantic striking against South America is deflected northward, and as much of it as can pass between Grenada and the north shore of South America along the Spanish main. Much more of it, however, is deflected by the islands in a more northerly direction between Barbadoes and the Grenadines. A part of the water which thus enters the Caribbean emerges again between Guadeloupe and Hayti, with a higher temperature than it had before. A large portion of equatorial water proceeds westward between the Bahama banks and Hayti, and enters the western Caribbean through the Windward Passage. Another portion continues on along the northern shores of Cuba to the Straits of Florida. The temperature at the Windward Passage is several degrees higher than it is when the equatorial water reaches the Windward Islands, from Trinidad and Barbadoes to Guadeloupe. This is because it has been passing over a series of shoals and banks, and has been thoroughly warmed by the sun. It is to be borne in mind that the bottom water (at 2,000 fathoms) in the enclosed basins of the Caribbean and Gulf is no colder than the water of the outside Atlantic at a level with the rim (700 fathoms) of these basins (i. e., 39.5° Fah.), while at 2,000 fathoms outside, the Atlantic waters are two and a half degrees colder. This suggests a speculation as to whether if the enclosed water had once been any colder it could have become warmed to its present temperature, which seems improbable, and leads to the inference that the rim of these basins has perhaps existed ever since the general temperature of the colder Atlantic water was much higher than now. As has been pointed out by Superintendent Hilgard, the current entering the Gulf of Mexico from the Caribbean does not make the circuit of the Gulf as formerly supposed, and has no necessary connection with other currents around the Gulf. On the contrary, it passes to the northward and eastward in the same general trend as the Yucatan plateau, and issues from the Straits of Florida with such reinforcements as it may receive from between Cuba and the Bahama Banks, as above mentioned.

The temperature of the Gulf Stream, now individualized and defined, in the early part of its course according to most careful observations by Bartlett, rarely exceeds 83° in June and July, except under a hot sun in very calm weather. The temperatures of the stream at corresponding depths are the same as those found between the Windward Passage and the Gulf of Mexico. The width of the Straits of Florida between Jupiter Inlet and Memory Rock on Little Bahama Bank is forty-eight miles, the greatest depth 439 fathoms; the area of the cross-section about 430,000,000 square feet, and at three knots

(the average velocity) the delivery here would be about 436,000,000,000 tons per diem. This is evidently much less than the amount called for by the volume of warm water which spreads over the greater part of the Atlantic Ocean, from Cuba to Norway, and which by certain philosophers is ascribed to the outpour from the Gulf.

The width of the stream varies from fifty to nearly one hundred miles, the velocity and temperature of the axis being greater than that of the lateral parts. Its average rate may be two and a half miles an hour, in many places is less, and in some reaches five miles an hour. A delineation of the stream in tints corresponding to its varying surface-velocities, shows that broad-off Tybee Light and Okacroke the velocity of the whole stream over a considerable area is diminished, and in each case a little later (off Charleston and Hatteras) is suddenly increased. The inference from this would be that in these localities the current receives a temporary check of some kind, overcoming which it starts with renewed vigor. At Hatteras this check is due to the Labrador current, which is met and overrun, but the observations do not show any water of Labrador temperature off Charleston.

Instead of running over a trough, the stream passes over a tolerably even plateau, or area of very gentle slope eastward, which extends off the coast from the Bahamas to Hatteras, narrowing northward. The "trough" was due to the rapid current running away with the slack of the sounding line when in its grasp, and consequently registering too great a depth—an error common to all soundings with ropes in a current, not excepting those of the *Challenger*.

Instead of having a cushion of other water to glide over, Bartlett found the bottom of hard coral rock in the path of the stream, at 400 fathoms, swept as clean of slime, ooze, or living things as the bed of a mountain torrent. Instead of bounding "cold walls" and intercalated "cold bands," the water inshore appears to be a mere overflow of Gulf-Stream water, and the temperature from the stream landward or seaward is but little cooler than the stream itself, which is known chiefly by its motion. Indeed, a two mile per hour southwesterly current of nearly equal warmth was observed east of the Gulf Stream off Charleston on several occasions. The "cold bands" appear to have been due to rain-squalls or other causes producing accidental inequalities of temperature, which disappear a few feet below the surface.

The Gulf Stream, in passing over the continental plateau, has its inner edge near but not rigorously continuous with the line of 100 fathoms in depth, and extends to about the curve of 500 fathoms. The edge of the continental plateau drops suddenly to about 2,000 fathoms, and makes its nearest approach to the coast at Cape Hatteras. The cold Labrador current runs outside of and along this bank, and, when the Gulf Stream pours over it, causes a tumult in the waters. Whether the entire Labrador current underruns the Gulf Stream, and follows the 2,000-fathom curve to the equator, or whether a portion of it passes over the continental plateau inside, rising in temperature, but retaining its motion and causing the tumult off Charleston and the southwest current outside the Gulf Stream (after passing under it), are questions which thorough serial temperature observations will be required to determine. It is at least not improbable that some of the cooler water may creep southward as the Gulf Stream itself is swayed off and on the coast by more or less opposing gales. But Commander Bartlett appears to have disproved, among many other old notions, the idea that the arctic current, as such, underruns the Gulf Stream to the Gulf itself, or even to the Straits of Florida.

THE TOMB OF HARVEY.

BIRMINGHAM, Sept. 1, 1882.

It was my good fortune to go down into Essex not long since, with a party made up by several Fellows of the Society of Antiquarians; so that some things came in my way not often seen by strangers. Our headquarters were at Saffron-Walden, an old borough town, as yet little modernized. As we alighted at the Rose and Crown, on Saturday morning, the sheep were bleating in the market place close by. It sounds absurd to say, "By permission of the Empress Maud," but it is the actual fact that the weekly market is still held under a grant from her to Geoffrey de Mandeville, the Earl of Essex. The main object of the expedition was a visit to Audley End, one of the finest of the old Jacobean mansions left in England. Lord Braybrooke had most courteously thrown it open to us, so that we saw it with a leisure and a completeness seldom enjoyed in a "show house." To tell the story of the place is almost to tell the history of England from the days of the De Bohuns and the first great Howards to the time when, under the generous direction of the last Lord Braybrooke, Pepys's 'Diary' was deciphered and given to the world. To an American nothing of the treasures the house contains is more interesting than the portraits of the Cornwallis family which the present occupants now represent. A marble bust of our Lord Cornwallis stands at one end of the state drawing-room, and a magnificent portrait of him in his robes as Governor-General of India hangs at the other, while a copy of the monument in St. Paul's stands on one side of the chapel.

Yet it is, after all, not so much the grand things that give the stranger the keenest pleasure of his journey—those he expects; but it is in the little bits of history and association which start up unexpectedly everywhere. By the wayside (it was the road to Newmarket) stands a broad, light-yellow stone house, with a golden crown over the door. Nell Gwynne lived there. In the fine brick mansion at the head of a long, sloping park still lives a godson of Pitt, an old man of eighty. His father was Pitt's private secretary. Here is the house where Dick Turpin was born. Opposite is the old bull-ring—when we saw it, happily filled by a quiet group listening to open-air preaching. After tea, the hostess takes us to see a veritable old-fashioned bowling-green, in which her children play. Next morning we go to the spot where, just below a beautiful garden, a Saxon burial-ground was opened a few years ago. One hundred and seventy men, women, and children were found, each in the little bed hollowed out of the chalk. In church, on Sunday morning (Saint Mary's, by the way, is called the grandest of the Henry VII. churches in England), close by us was the monument to the Chancellor Audley, and in the vault under our feet, with Audleys and Howards, lie the remains of the Countess of Essex, of the ill-fated Sir Thomas Overbury story. All this is within a radius of five miles. Does it seem a crowded catalogue? It is nothing to the reality: that piles itself up till, at the end of a few weeks, one is ready to ask, not, What is there to see next? but, Is there any corner of England which has nothing to see in it?

On Sunday afternoon we drove out across the country to a spot rarely visited in this generation, even by Englishmen—the last resting-place of the great William Harvey. To a New Englander, Essex County is the land of his forefathers. It is now a quiet land, broad and flat, and scantily wooded—a land of malt-houses and of barley, of Quaker thrift and wealth. Nine miles east of Saffron-Walden is the little village of Hempstead. The cottages crowd the southern

slope of a low hill, and beyond stands the church looking out to the west and north—or rather, one should say, so much as is left of the church; for last February the tower fell, carrying with it the larger part of the roof of the nave. The walls were known to be cracked, but no serious fears were entertained till, one Saturday evening, Mrs. Ford, the old woman in charge of the church, came in to tell the curate that the cracks about the tower had opened wider. He went out with her to look at them, and both of them went up to the belfry, and Mrs. Ford, as was her wont on Saturday evening, wound up the clock. Returning to his study, the curate wrote to the rector that, owing to the unsafe condition of the walls, he had given orders that the bells should not be rung for service the next morning. Hardly had he finished the letter when a rumbling crash was heard, and the servants rushed in to say that the tower had fallen. It is a very humble parish, and no attempt at rebuilding has been made further than to board in the two upper bays of the nave which remain. The mass of stone lies nearly as it fell—much crushed and crumbled; but the fall was so slow and so even that the chime of bells, which the county history of fifty years ago described as “five very musical bells,” came down unhurt, and they stand a melancholy row by the churchyard wall. The little congregation was just coming out as we arrived. The church is almost bare within, but over the pulpit is the Harvey crest—a helmet and an outstretched hand above it. The Harvey Chapel is on the north side of the chancel: it is perhaps 18 x 24, but looks smaller than it really is, being crowded by monuments of the heavy classic style. There are Harveys of all ages, from the old Eliab of 1693 (in his day a much greater man to the common world than the doctor), and the Sir Eliab of Nelson's time, Admiral of the Blue, K. C. B., and the member for Essex, to “two daughters, Mary and Philadelphia, who died infants, and lie by their father.” To their memory are inscribed two medallions in white marble by Roubillac.

The monument to the great physician is not in the chapel, but at the corner of the north aisle. The white marble bust of himself stands in a deep niche of dark stone. The head and face are more massive than in the common portraits, but it is the opinion of experts who have examined it, among them Woolner himself, that it was copied from casts taken after death. Beneath it is a long Latin inscription, recounting his discoveries in science and his benefactions to the College of Physicians in London: “*Orbi Salutem, Sibi immortalitatem Consequutus. . . . Professor Assiduus et Felicissimus*,” and this conclusion:

*Tandem
Post triumphales
Contemplando, Sanando, inveniando
Sudores,
Varias domi forisq. Statuas Quum totum circuit
Microcosmum Medicinæ Doctor ac Medicorum,
Impioles obdormiuit.
III Ienij. Anno Salutis C.IDIDCLVII. Etatis
LXXX.
Annorum et Famæ Satur.*

A far greater interest attaches to the monument from the fact that all the contemporary memorials in London perished in the great fire—the *illustrem bibliothecam*, which, in the words of this very inscription, he *Construxit, Dotavit et Ditavit suo Patrimonio*. Under it there was “a fair large parlor,” also his gift, in which the college should hold its convocations. Aubrey describes the statue erected by his colleagues, “in his Doctorall robes at the Physician's Colledge.” *Viro, Monumentis suis immortalis*, was written under it.

Beneath the Harvey Chapel is the vault, which is entered from the outside by steep, narrow

brick steps under a trap-door. There is a pretty large window, now iron-barred, but one of our party well remembered that forty years ago it was all unprotected, and any two resolute men could easily have walked off with the body of Harvey. An elderly woman in decent mourning, the same Mrs. Ford who wound up the clock on that memorable evening, unlocked and lifted the door for us. Below we found the place dry and clean—a simple cellar, with stone walls and brick floor. It was a curious spectacle, as in the dim light we made out the forms of the coffins. As I said, it is a simple room, with no arrangements for enclosing the coffins. They have simply been left there, as in any quiet, vacant room. There are fifty-four of them, all Harveys or their wives. The oldest of them are of that ghastly shape which takes the outline of the human body, and the head is stamped with a grim likeness of the human face. The later ones have wooden cases outside of the lead (the sides of several had dropped off), and were once covered with cloth, and handsomely decorated with steel or silver. The Admiral's coffin is in one corner by itself. Those of several children are piled upon the large ones, four and five in a row, the very small ones being probably those of the infants already mentioned. The last coffin was placed here about thirty years ago, and contains the body of a young man of nineteen, who died somewhere in the tropics. Its size is enormous, there being five coffins, one within the other. The body of the great Harvey lies upon the floor close under the window. It faces the east, as it is noticeable they all do, and Mrs. Ford said it had never been moved in the sixty-five years that she remembered it, which goes to prove that from the first his fame was so specially recognized that no other coffin was placed upon it. It is of that semi-human shape as his friend Aubrey wrote: “He is lapt in lead, and on his breast in great letters—*Dr. William Harvey*. I was at his funeral, and helped to carry him into the vault.” In the deep shadow the inscription was invisible, but by lighting a succession of matches we made out: “1656. William Harvey. Deceased June 3rd, aged 80 years.” The lower part of the coffin had shrunk and fallen in upon itself, with a crack at the bottom of the hollow, which showed it was full of water, left from the winter no doubt, for the vault was dry enough on the warm July day.

The last of the Harveys is now a childish maiden lady of ninety, and the future of this strange resting-place of one of the greatest of Englishmen has become an important question. The College of Physicians has considered many plans—none more than that of removing the body of Harvey to Westminster Abbey and placing it beside his great compeer, Hunter; but, taking into consideration the traditions of the selection of this place at the time of his death (a committee of the College attended the body when conveyed hither), and the long time it has lain here, they have at last concluded to enclose it in a costly sarcophagus and place it, with suitable surroundings, in the old Harvey chapel above. So much is a definite plan already in course of execution. (This vault will then be put in order and permanently closed.) There is a further expectation that the whole church may be rebuilt and restored, as a memorial to Harvey.

Coming out again into the sunshine, we were invited to visit a fine old farm-house in the neighborhood. Walking thither over the stiles and across the fields, we passed the site of the old manor house, once the home of the Harveys. Nothing is left but the grass-grown moat and the “immemorial” elms, but the place still keeps the name of Winslow Hall. It was owned once in that name, and still earlier by the Cottons.

At the farm-house we found one of those fascinating old English gardens, with box hedges breast-high and turf ed alleys, all in a tangle of vines and flowers, with the York and Lancaster roses perfuming the air, all so sweet and soft and still. Afternoon tea was spread under a giant elm, and little children ran laughing about. The names were Muriel and Kathleen, but they spoke only Hindustani.

As an appendix to my story, I may add one or two anecdotes of Harvey found while looking for something else among books at the British Museum which, though not rare, are at least infrequent. Hobbes said of him: “The only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his own doctrine established in his own lifetime.” The following has a different sound from what it had two hundred years ago: “He was wont to say that man was nothing but a great, mischievous baboon.” Above his autograph in the album of a young man, he wrote: “*Dii laboribus omnia vendunt*. —GUL. HARVEUS.” In 1643 he was summoned to a consultation about the alarming illness of Prince Maurice. Prince Rupert gives this account of his advice: “Concluding the disease to be venomous, they doe resolve to give very little physick, only a regular diet and cordyall antidotes.” Prince Maurice recovered. M.

ON THE EVE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

PARIS, Sept. 13, 1882.

THE events in Egypt are watched all over Europe not only by those who wish to form their opinion of the state of the English Army, but also by those who feel that the real nucleus of the Eastern Question has for the moment been transported from Constantinople to the Isthmus of Suez. The silence of Europe is full of meaning. Nobody speaks yet: all the Powers keep their sentiments to themselves. England has no avowed enemies, but the number is large of those who envy her great naval preponderance, her wealth; who are irritated at her constant good fortune, at her pride, at her ill-concealed contempt of what is not herself. She has with her all those who believe that, with all her defects, she still represents the highest interests of civilization and the greatest traditions of civil and religious liberty. Between her open partisans and her foes is the great mass of men who feel only instinctively what Le Rochefoucauld so cynically said: “There is always something pleasant in the misfortunes of a friend.”

In a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, all these hidden feelings will either come to the surface or sink under the weight of what are called accomplished facts. The feelings of Germany, of Austria, of Italy, and of Russia are all a little different from each other. Germany is now such a colossal Empire that she aspires, and not unjustly, to become a maritime power. She has few ports, but she may hope at some distant time to bring Holland within the circle of her influence, and to be united to her by a sort of Zollverein. The Germans individually do not much like England; they respect and admire her, but their press shows conclusively that with those sentiments are mingled some others which savor more of antipathy than of sympathy. In England there is not much love felt for the Germans: recall the sayings of Lord Palmerston about Prince Albert. The English aristocracy is always inclined to consider the Court as too German. The Duke of Connaught, who married a daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, is considered too German in the Army. In short, the friendship between the two nations resembles more a *mariage de raison* than a *mariage d'inclination*. But the ties of the German and English Courts are so close that it seems almost an impossibility that there should be any serious

and dangerous misunderstanding between the two countries, whatever may be the personal sentiments of influential politicians. A daughter of Queen Victoria will some day wear the Imperial Crown of Germany; and there is in this simple fact an eloquence which defeats all the arguments of discontented diplomats.

Austria feels a great interest in the Eastern Question. Prince Bismarck has consoled her for the loss of her position in Germany; he has taken her on to the mountain and shown her the provinces of the peninsula of the Balkans, and, far away, the shores of the Ægean Sea. The ports of the Mediterranean have a new life since the commerce of the world has returned to its old channels and abandoned the Cape of Good Hope. Austria must be very anxious for the complete independence and neutrality of the Isthmus of Suez, as she imports now directly, and sends all over Germany, many goods which used to go by the Atlantic to Bremen and Hamburg. Italy is prompted by the same feelings. She will in a few years become a great maritime power; she has a number of fine ports which are now connected with Port Said by lines of steamers. Besides her commercial interests, Italy has to defend her political situation. She never feels big enough; her ambition has been so gratified that it has become insatiable; she has always a dim consciousness that she is only looked upon as a second-rate power, and she pretends to be a first-rate power. The pride of old Rome fills her; she still looks upon all *forestieri* as mere barbarians. She was, in the time of the Renaissance, the cradle of our modern civilization; she took the world out of the night of the Middle Ages and of the barbarism of the tribes which had conquered Europe. She is so proud and so sensitive that she could hardly bear the presence of French troops on the site of ancient Carthage. She is looking eagerly toward the East, seeking for something to devour. She was tempted at one time to join England in her expedition; but she is prudent, and she thought it better for her interests to remain tied to the policy of the great Continental Empires. She regrets at times having taken this passive attitude; she is afraid that England will be so successful that nobody will quarrel with her; she asks herself if she would not have done better to go boldly forward, as she did at the time of the Crimean War, when she sent the small Piedmontese army before Sebastopol.

Is it necessary to speak of Russia? Russia is now so completely resigned as to have hardly any thoughts at all. She can do nothing; she feels helpless; she can only vaguely say that when the war is over there must be a European settlement, and then she will make her intentions known. She feebly threatens to do something when the hour comes; but she cannot even say what she would like to do. The Nihilist agitation seems to have completely crippled Russia; her sovereign has but one task before him, which is to live. Somebody asked Sieyès: "What did you do during the Terror?" "J'ai vécu," was his answer. It is difficult enough to live when you are surrounded by maniacs and irrational beings. Russia can form no plans; she can only modestly place herself behind the two German Empires, and offer to be their reserve in some great Continental war. She has looked on the mosques of Constantinople, and turned her back on them; she can now only hope to have her share of Turkey if there is a new partition like the partition of Poland. The hands of England, in face of all these elements, are really free; she must show what she can do; she has never been so completely before the eyes of the world.

Correspondence.

A QUEER MISTAKE OF HUBBELL'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the summer vacations of the university with which I have for some time been connected, I sometimes assist my father, the postmaster of the village where my home is. Sometimes I take the place of a clerk absent on vacation; sometimes I do writing. In no summer have I so occupied myself during more than three weeks, and seldom more than three hours in any day. Of course, I have been sworn in, and my name has been returned as a clerk, I suppose; but I do not receive a cent of pay, and the pay-roll shows that I do not.

I have, therefore, been much interested by a circular received yesterday, at the bottom of which is a facsimile of the rather illiterate signature of some person called D. B. Henderson, while in the upper left-hand corner are printed the names of fifteen persons, who, as I learn from letters before their names, are honorable gentlemen. Over them is the name of one Hubbell, to whom that epithet is not applied.

Now, I had received a similar circular before. This previous one expressed it as the unanimous opinion of all these gentlemen that I would "esteem it both a privilege and a pleasure to make to their fund a contribution, which, it was hoped, would not be less than \$—." They were right. I esteemed it a privilege and a pleasure to contribute just that amount, being two per cent. of my salary, mentioned above. So I made no reply. But this, I learn from the second circular, "is noted with surprise," and an excuse is kindly suggested. It states, further, that we have "a conflict before us, this fall, of great moment to the Republic." This fact I note with surprise. I am sure I had not known it before, though much interested in national affairs. So the circular requests "two per cent. of your annual compensation." Now, it isn't that the sum is so great, but I fear that it is all a mistake, and that the circular doesn't mean me: for it does not seem to demand money except from "those most directly benefited by success" (which I evidently am not), nor in case I "think our grand old party ought not to succeed," on which I am at least doubtful. So, until I learn that my interpretation is a wrong one, I shall cling to the spoils of office. I am going to keep the circulars, for I hope to live to see the time when they are regarded as curiosities.—I remain,

A PAMPERED PLACEMAN.

OCTOBER 1, 1882.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF CABINETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you afford room for this echo of your interesting discussion with Mr. Bradford? In that social function to which, as a whole, we give the name of "government," there are really two elements between which we must distinguish if we are to avoid confusion. One of these is the *administration* of the law as it already exists at the given time, and the other is the *changing* of the law so as to improve it in some particular, whether of principle or of detail. Now, it seems to be almost exclusively with reference to their attitude as to proposed changes of the law—the "reforming" department of the governing function—that modern "responsible" cabinets ("governments," as they are called) are created or unmade. That is to say, they are judged only or chiefly in their legislative character, though with that character they in fact combine that of the chief adminis-

trative officers. In this country "administrative" responsibility is directly to the people as electors, instead of, as in Europe, indirectly to the people, through their representatives in the legislature. Whether our institutions (and our use of them) do all that might be desired toward making the direct responsibility a real and efficient one, is a question of fact upon which opinions differ. But it is certain that, however this may be, the question is at any rate entirely distinct from that whether our system is better or worse than its European rival.

To this latter question the answer would seem to depend on our decision between the plan of letting the people's control be exercised exclusively through their election of an assembly (such as the House of Commons) which is to be responsible for both legislation and administration, and the plan of letting the people itself make the distinction between legislature and executive, and directly elect the incumbents of both departments, each department being of course "responsible" directly to the people (not one to the other) for its own performance of its own function—and for that only. It is claimed by some that the former is the preferable plan, on the ground that the electors of small local constituencies are more likely to be able to choose wisely a representative of the district through whom they may best exert all their governmental influence, than they are to be able to participate wisely in directly choosing from out the whole nation, and afterward watching and criticising, the specific varieties of officials needed in the actual work of government. In a word, the theory is that the average citizen, inasmuch as he cannot be a specialist in government, had better confine himself to selecting from among his neighbors some one whom he can rely upon to be his political attorney-in-fact, just as for other purposes he "puts himself in the hands" of his solicitor, his physician, or his man of business.

In England it is only through the House of Commons that the electors govern. Accordingly, as the House need not be dissolved save once in seven years, it is legally, though of course not practically, possible that government should be carried on for years in direct contravention of even the unanimous will of the electorate, as distinguished from the existing "House."

We have heard much, and are likely to hear more, of the growing instability of cabinets, owing to the division of legislatures into more and smaller parties, no single one (or stable group) of which can give a cabinet that majority without which the system assumes that a cabinet cannot be allowed to exist. The serious practical inconvenience thus resulting may perhaps lead to a criticism of this last-named assumption, far more searching and severe than any degree of theoretical absurdity would by itself have ever been likely to draw upon it.

If reform (or, as we have termed it, legislation) were the only function of these "governments," then, indeed, one could understand that they should be allowed to hold office only so long as they had a majority party behind them; for, obviously, any given reform or change in the existing law ought not to be carried out before it has commended itself to at least a majority. But, as we have seen, these cabinets are, not only also, but in point of fact chiefly, administrators. Now, in administration, properly speaking, there should be no question of partisanship at all, but only of integrity and capacity. Except when there is, in fact, a "majority" united in support of some proposed reform, it is not only senseless, but demoralizing and inconvenient, to insist on considering leadership of a successful party (a term having then no legitimate meaning) as the sole and essential ground

for taking or retaining office. That basis for the tenure of office fails utterly (as we see it failing now) whenever, and in proportion as, the legislature happens not to be enduringly bisected by any one issue (surely the normal and desirable state of things, and that which is more and more likely to be the actual one, as fundamental questions are settled, one after another). The fact is, that a cabinet which is responsible to the legislature is nothing else than the executive committee of that body. Why not frankly recognize this fact, and make election by the legislature the source or ground of membership of the cabinet? Unlike the other, this basis of official tenure would be available in either contingency. If at the given time a majority were united on some given policy, then an election by the legislature would put (or retain) in the cabinet men who, to their fitness for the position in its administrative aspect, added the further qualification of favoring the policy of the majority. If, on the other hand, there happened to be no division into majority or minority on any specific policy, a stable and competent cabinet could still be counted on for administrative purposes; for, under such circumstances—office depending, not on membership of the leading group of any one party, but on the given individual's own personal command of enough votes to elect—the places would be secured by the most influential members of the assembly, and each would retain his (presumably) until—either through a majority's coming to insist on some policy to which he would not assent, or through his losing the support of some of his personal following (a sort of support which is far more stable than is the ascendancy of parties, where party is not simply a name for a "side" in the game for the spoils)—he, the cabinet officer in question, should be ousted by the election, to succeed him, of a rival who had come to control the majority of votes. Instead of the whole government retiring simply because of their not being (what, indeed, nobody else is, either, any more than they) the "leaders of a majority party," each individual officer would remain until some other person should, as candidate for his place, have managed to obtain against him a majority of all the votes.

To base governments on the balancing of parties is, in the words of Goldwin Smith, to give them a "foundation which must inevitably be weakened by every advance of the public intelligence, and which the attainment of truth on the great political questions will bring utterly to the ground."

"But [under the elective system] the legislature and the executive would be set free each of them to perform its proper functions. The legislature would no longer be hampered by the fear of overturning the executive; the executive would be stable, and would discharge the duties of administration and police steadily and without fear about its own existence. No longer would half, or more than half, the public men of the country be employed in propagating discontent, or a moiety of the nation be in a state of moral insurrection against the government which ought to be the object of its united loyalty and support. It is true that the criticism of an organized opposition would be withdrawn; but that criticism is always passionate and unjust—it is, in fact, not criticism, but attack; and the fullest opportunity of fair criticism in an open legislature would remain. . . . There would be no majority to vote black white under a false sense of honor, for the purpose of shielding a criminal of its own party. . . . Ministers [could be chosen] with reference to their departmental aptitudes, in place of the pitchforking system which the necessity of finding places for all the leaders at present entails. . . . The state would not be deprived, as it is now, of the services of a first-rate administrator—say, of finance or of foreign affairs—because he happened to be in the minority on some legislative question."

CHARLES FREDERIC ADAMS.

70 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1882.

Notes.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB is preparing a 'New York Biography,' which will be a sort of sequel to her 'History of New York City,' and comparable to it in bulk. It will be fully illustrated, and published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

A. Williams & Co., Boston, announce 'Tow-head: the Story of a Girl,' by Miss McLean, author of 'Cape Cod Folks'; 'Holiday Idlessee; and Other Poems,' by James H. West; a new and enlarged edition of 'The Poems of Alonzo Lewis'; 'Poems,' by Annie L. Angier; 'A Study of Maria Edgeworth,' by Mrs. Joseph P. Oliver; and 'Emerson: an Estimate of his Character and Genius,' by A. Bronson Alcott.

A new edition of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's 'Mother Goose for Grown Folks,' enlarged and illustrated by Augustus Hoppin, will be shortly published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'American Hero-Myths: a Study in the Native Religions of the Western Continent,' by Daniel G. Brinton, M.D., is announced by H. C. Watts & Co., Philadelphia.

International copyright is clearly foreshadowed in the invasion of England by *Harper's* and the *Century*, and now by the simultaneous publication of a new *Longman's Magazine* on both sides of the water, though edited in London. It will cover the usual field of our magazines, except that religious topics will be absolutely eschewed. Its contributors will be both English and American. More interesting still, its price will be but twenty-five cents, a challenge to its higher-priced American rivals. It will not, however, be illustrated, so far as appears from the prospectus. The International News Company is the agent for *Longman's Magazine*, and will bring out the first number on November 1.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have brought out a supplement to their 'Best Reading,' by Lynds E. Jones. It consists mainly of classified lists of the most important works published during the past five years, with critical indications affixed. Lists like Biography, Fiction, Juvenile, etc., possess an obvious interest and utility.

A flood of publications concerning shorthand is just now worth remarking. We do not mention all of them when we cite Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Scott-Browne's 'Text-Book of Phonography' (New York); 'The Modern Stenographer,' by George H. Thornton (D. Appleton & Co.); 'Eclectic Shorthand,' by J. George Cross (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.); 'Eclectic Manual of Phonography,' by Elias Longley (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.), and the same author's 'American Phonographic Dictionary,' a most laborious production, for the several words are accompanied by their actual phonographic outlines, instead of (as in Munson's pioneer dictionary) by a conventional literal representation. Using either book, the learner has a great encouragement to proceed, for he can constantly check his outlines.

Harper & Brothers have published, in their two-column edition of the Franklin Square Library, Norris's 'Heaps of Money,' already reviewed by us in connection with the "Leisure-Hour Series."

The great Index-Catalogue of the library of the Surgeon-General's Office now has a third volume in print—Cholecyntin—Dzondl. According to Surgeon Billings's prefatory letter to the Surgeon-General, "this volume includes 9,043 author-titles, representing 10,076 volumes and 7,386 pamphlets. It also includes 8,572 subject-titles of separate books and pamphlets, and 28,846 titles of articles in periodicals." *Cremation* has two pages assigned it; *Diphtheria*, twenty-nine; *Dysentery*, thirty; *Cholera* (Asia-

tic), one hundred and forty-eight. A department of Medical Directories and Registers (a French one as early as 1802) has considerable personal value and interest, but yields, however, in this respect, to the remarkable collections of portraits, medical and scientific, of which the solid lists fill twenty-one pages, and enumerate some 3,000 prints of all kinds. Few works that issue from the Government Printing-Office redound more highly to the credit of American science, scholarship, and patience.

Out of a request to enumerate historical novels illustrating successive periods of English history has grown Prof. William F. Allen's 'Reader's Guide,' just published by Ginn, Heath & Co. No scholar in the country is more competent to do what is done here. In four parallel columns are set down (a) the genealogical tables of English rulers; (b) "good historical reading, whether histories, biographies, or essays"; (c) novels, poems, and dramas relating to each period; (d) "the same class of works illustrating contemporary history." Class b is not a mere list, but is expressly discriminated according to the bias or ability of the respective authors. Some blank spaces are utilized for Spanish and French genealogies; and on pp. 20, 21, the descendants of Edward III. are displayed with special reference to Shakespeare's historical plays. This handy pamphlet merits implicit confidence, and cannot fail to be widely acceptable.

With somewhat less than its usual punctuality, we believe, appears the Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Cincinnati, in August, 1881. This was the Society's thirtieth meeting, but the papers read, though presenting the usual variety, do not possess any special distinction.

Prompter, because of much smaller size, is the Proceedings of the American Philological Association at Cambridge in July, 1882, its fourteenth annual session. We have already noticed the circular adopted by the Association with a view to suppressing the abuse connected with the bestowal of the degree of Ph. D. Among the papers here reprinted we signalize for its popular interest Prof. March's on the locutions "first two" and "two first."

The lay reader of the current number of the *American Journal of Philology* (Vol. iii., No. 10) will be apt to turn first from the table of contents to Mr. H. E. Shepherd's brief account of "Thomas Jefferson as a Philologist," in which character the father of the Democratic party held views concerning the relation of Anglo-Saxon to English that gave much pleasure to Mr. Freeman on his recent visit to this country.

The four leading articles in the October number of the *Magazine of American History* relate to William Penn and the bi-centenary of the founding of Pennsylvania. An engraving of a supposed portrait of Penn, by Kneller, serves as a frontispiece. Mr. George Bancroft contributes the proceedings of a Hartford convention of 1780 in aid of the Government, with the credentials of the several commissioners (from New York and the New England States).

A biographical sketch of the late Col. James Florant Meline, a frequent contributor to the *Nation*, among other periodicals, during the years 1869-73, and author of 'Mary Queen of Scots and her Latest Historian,' will be found in the *Catholic World* for October. Colonel Meline was of Swedish-French descent.

An exceptionally interesting paper for the *China Review* (Trübner) appears in its issue for May and June, volume x., No. 6. Mr. G. Jamieson abstracts some "Cases in Chinese Criminal Law" from a native work called 'A General Review of [Decided] Criminal Cases,' and which "is regarded as supplementary to the

Code," although it bears little resemblance to the collections of Leading Cases in English law. "Here, all is detail; we get no general principles." One of the cases cited by Mr. Jamieson recalls the "marriage with a deceased wife's sister" controversy, and the decision seems no more rational. It is thus designated: "Marriage with a Woman who has been Betrothed to one's Brother illegal and void." In the given circumstances, betrothal (the man having disappeared) would not have been a bar to marriage with a stranger.

The conclusion of Paul Lacroix's story of his literary relations with Balzac overshadows all else in the September number of *Le Livre*. It is a curious revelation of character on both sides. The two men quarrelled, became reconciled, and then fell away from each other. "I have known many charming talkers in France," says Lacroix, "but none that approached Balzac." For Dutacq's posthumous edition of the 'Contes Drôlatiques,' Lacroix (with Madame de Balzac's leave) corrected conscientiously the "fautes grossières et souvent impardonnables" which betrayed Balzac's insufficient knowledge of the French language of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This he did "sans en parler à personne." An etched portrait of Madame de Balzac is the illustration of the current number. A sister of hers married Jules Lacroix, the writer's brother.

The leading etching in the *Portfolio* for September (J. W. Bouton) is by Stephen Parrish, one of our foremost American artists in this branch. It is characteristic, though not one of his best performances. The editor has some appreciative words for Mr. Parrish's genius. Mr. Hamerton continues his interesting papers on Autun, where he has been summering, giving sketches of the Lapidary Museum and of the Paris and Besançon gates.

The fifth annual black-and-white exhibition of the Salmagundi Sketch Club will be opened at the National Academy of Design on December 2, and close on December 22. Notices of intending exhibitors must be sent by November 21 to Mr. Frank M. Gregory, Corresponding Secretary, 19 University Place.

The Art Students' League of this city, just reopened for its eighth school year, has removed to No. 38 West Fourteenth Street.

'Croquis Américains,' by Bret Harte, translated by M. Louis Despreaux, has recently been published in Paris by Calmann Lévy. This is the fifth or sixth volume of Mr. Harte's works now accessible in France.

The sixth volume of M. Guillaume Guizot's translation of Macaulay, containing part of the Essays, has just appeared in Paris.

We lately mentioned the foundation by Edmond de Goncourt of a *naturaliste* Academy. The *Vie Moderne*, perhaps by way of preparation for it, rallies the present Academy on having arrived in forty years only at the article *coupole* of its famous dictionary, and goes into a little statistical calculation, by which it appears that at the present rate of progress the dictionary may be completed about 2181, and that, supposing the academicians to have no other work, each has spent so far on every syllable as much time as Littré took for six pages of his work.

A new edition of Henschel's *Du Cange's 'Glossarium Medie et Infimæ Latinitatis'*, edited by Léopold Favre, will be published by C. Reinwald, Paris, with M. Didot's permission. It will make ten quarto volumes, of 600 pages each, and will be five years in making its appearance. Mr. Christern has received the prospectus.

The Royal Library of Belgium keeps account of the books "refused," or not given out on application. This happens either when they are already "out" (which is particularly apt to be

the case with Jules Verne's writings, Larousse's Dictionary, etc.), or when the pupils of the Athenæum naughtily ask for "ponies" of the classics, or for novels. In the latter case, the rule is that they shall not be delivered unless for use in a literary exercise (*étude littéraire*), of which the applicant must state the object. This is a hint for trustees of our public libraries.

With part 45 of the "chromo edition" of Brehm's 'Thierleben' (New York: B. Westermann & Co.) the division of 'Birds' comes to an end, and is accompanied by a very full and useful index of names, as well as by title-page and table of contents for vol. i. This volume consists of nearly 700 pages. Vol. ii., 'Mammals,' opens with part 46, and the monkey tribe furnishes the first illustrations. Some of the woodcuts in this series are marvels of engraving.

Nos. 1 and 2 of the *Bolletino* of the African Society of Italy at Naples lie before us. They contain the constitution and proceedings of the Club, fragments of travellers' experiences, and considerable news concerning the Dark Continent.

A map of Egypt from Ismaïlia to Tanta, and southward to Cairo, comes to us from Justus Perthes (New York: Westermann). The scale is large—about four miles to the inch—and the names of places abundant. A side map shows the full course of the Suez Canal, and there is a plan of Cairo on ten times the scale of the main map. The area thus delineated will certainly be the focus of interest in the new development of Egyptian affairs.

—We have to call attention to a very gross case of "journalism" on the part of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. Answering Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, who advocates the appearance of members of the Cabinet in Congress, in order to secure greater power and responsibility for the Executive, the *Nation* said (Sept. 11):

"We must remind Mr. Bradford that the expiration of a Congressional term by legal limitation cannot possibly be made to mean in the popular eye an appeal to the people by the Executive as a dissolution does. To attract popular attention, and put popular judgment in motion on a particular point, the President has to say or do something to indicate that he desires a popular decision between himself and his opponents, either about his policy generally or some part of it. To suppose that the people would pronounce this decision at the ordinary biennial election, is to suppose that they pay that close and constant attention to the work of government on the absence of which Mr. Bradford's demand for increased Executive responsibility is based. A dissolution in France or England calls them to the polls because it is a veritable appeal to the voters, the answer to which will decide who shall administer the Government. The ordinary Congressional election would decide nothing unmistakably. It might be a condemnation of Presidential junketing, of Congressional corruption, or of half-a-dozen things besides, and every newspaper would be able to put a different interpretation on the result; so that the President would be no wiser after it than before."

The *Gazette* (Sept. 30) rendered this as follows:

"The *Nation* thinks that if the President could dissolve Congress, when he comes to an issue with it, and order a new election on that issue, as the Government may do in England, it would be a tremendous power to reform Congress. Your dilettante reformer generally thinks that anything English is learned statesmanship, and he prescribes it with as little knowledge of its nature and applicability as a wild Indian has of the mariner's sextant. In England the Government may appeal to the country by dissolving Parliament, but if the verdict goes contrary the Government must go. This is a pretty heavy restraint on the Government. But in this amateur application of Parliamentary government to our system, the President is to stand against the verdict of the country. One would suppose that biennial elections of Congress made a frequent appeal to the country; but the *Nation* says that is no appeal at all,

but it must be taken on a specific bill. This is a specimen of 'them literary fellers.'"

It is hardly possible that any one intelligent enough to write in a newspaper can have blundered in this way. The author of the above has, therefore, almost certainly concocted it knowingly, and "with naked intent to deceive," as Horace Greeley used to say; and if the editor be the good man he is said to be, we feel sure he will not permit such a thing to occur again.

—The founder of the *Courrier des États-Unis*, M. Gaillardet, who died August 14, in Paris, was not so much known to the Parisians on account of the journal by which he made his fortune as from his authorship of "La Tour de Nesle," an historical play (*lucis a non lucendo*) which fifty years ago had a great success at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin, and within ten years had been played 480 times; a prodigious success for those days. Gaillardet took his plot from 'L'Écolier de Chuny,' a sensational novel by Roger de Beauvoir, just published, in which Marguerite of Burgundy, Queen of Navarre, entices the passers-by into her tower, and when she is tired of them as lovers completes the resemblance to a siren by drowning them in the Seine. The director of the theatre was not satisfied with the play as offered by the inexperienced playwright, and gave it first to Janin and then to Dumas. After the latter's manipulation it was put upon the boards with the success above-mentioned. But Gaillardet was displeased that his name was not printed on the posters in as large type as that of "mon collaborateur." They went to law about it, and Dumas, whose capacity for getting fame and money out of other men's work fills seventy-eight pages of Quérard's 'Supercheries Littéraires,' was obliged for once to do justice to his fellow-worker. But as he had sworn that Gaillardet's name should not appear with his, the play appeared after this as "par Gaillardet et ***." The affair made a great noise, but, as in many another case of literary parentage decided by legal investigation, the public remained undecided. Some things were, however, plain. There had been a preliminary romance by a successful author, there had been a play more or less good by Gaillardet, not previously a successful author; this play had been retouched by Janin, who had added at least three scenes (two hundred and thirty words); for so much Dumas acknowledged. It had been further retouched by Dumas—how much no one, not even he perhaps, knew exactly. Yet acute critics maintained that sufficient traces appeared of the great romancer's hand to enable them to distinguish a large part of his work, as one distinguishes the Elohist from the Jehovist in the Book of Genesis. The first scene, they said, is undoubtedly by him, for it is taken from Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' and M. Gaillardet probably does not possess that extensive knowledge of the foreign drama of which M. Dumas has given repeated and convincing proof. He must, too, be credited with the scene in the prison, in which Marguerite listens to and little by little unties Buridan, for that is taken from Lope de Vega's 'Amor y Honra'; his, too, is the scene in which Buridan says to Marguerite that Philip d'Aunay has written that she is his murderer with his blood on Buridan's tablets, for that is taken bodily from Schiller's 'Robbers.' So many proofs, if they did not show the public how much of their enjoyment they owed to Dumas, at least appear to have persuaded him that he need no longer conceal his name under the modest three stars, and the play is now published in his works. Gaillardet, who for a time would not speak to him, became reconciled in 1860; and the great public, who dislike the

trouble of learning many names, and had much rather connect all that interests them with one famous name, whether it be founding a nation or saying good sayings, victories in war or success in literature—the public still thinks Dumas the author of "La Tour de Nesle," as it imagines him the author of "Monte Cristo," "Les trois Mousquetaires" and its continuations, "Sultannetta" and the rest, and even of "Les Deux Diano," which he confessed he had never even read.

—Some time ago the *Atlantic* gave us in its "Contributors' Club" a number of accounts by its writers of their making, or failing to make, a living by literature. This may have suggested to Signor Ferdinando Martini, editor of the *Domus Letteraria*, the idea of asking his collaborators to relate their early experience in the literary career. The book so formed is called "Il Primo Passo: Note Autobiografiche" (Roma, 1882). Among the names of the contributors we notice few that are known to the American public—D'Ancona, Bartoli, Mantegazza; but then we fear that the American public is not very familiar with the modern Italian writers.

—M. Zola has complained of the "train-train bourgeois et évangélique" of English novel writing. M. Arède Barine, in examining a couple of late English novels (Murray's "Joseph's Coat" and Gibbon's "Heart's Problem," of which latter, by the way, he gives a very favorable account) to see if Zola was justified in his sarcasm, remarks on one advantage which the English romancer has over his French rival, which we think has not been pointed out before. The English legislation is such that secret unions are possible. Hence the scandalous or criminal consequences which in France can accompany only illegal ties are the results of a legal act, and the romancer is "moral" though he write of secret rendezvous, concealing children, elopements, and the like.

—A number of French, English, and American journals have given an account of the discovery, at the Château Chanteraine, of a manuscript on the margin of which were notes written by the Dauphin during his captivity at the Temple. *Polybiblion*, with a laudable desire for details, made inquiries at Mans, where the manuscript was said to have been deposited in the Museum. It turned out not only that no such manuscript had been found, but that the story is an old one which recurs periodically, like the discovery of the sea serpent. It is time for some one to investigate the connection of these intermittent stories with the sun spot period.

—A revival of astronomical activity at the Dearborn Observatory is the most noteworthy feature of the recent report of the Board of Directors to the Chicago Astronomical Society. The chief instrument of the Observatory is the equatorial refractor, of eighteen and one-half inches aperture, built by the Clarks about twenty years ago, and which for ten years was the largest refracting telescope in the world. With this instrument Professor Hough, the Director of the Observatory, has specially studied the great comet of 1881, the planet Jupiter, the satellites of Uranus, and, with Mr. Burnham, has observed difficult double stars. A compilation of all his double star observations made during the past three years is in progress by Mr. Burnham. One appendix to the report of Director Hough contains an historical review of the Chicago Astronomical Society, and another the observations of Jupiter made chiefly for determining the rotation period of the planet. The photographs accompanying the report exhibit the exterior of the Observatory, and the interior of the great dome; and twelve views of Jupiter drawn at irregular intervals from September,

1879, to March, 1882. Two of these are especially interesting as showing, the one the transit of a satellite, and the other the transit of a satellite's shadow, across the great red spot which has been visible on the disk of the planet a number of years.

—The Deutsche Gesellig-wissenschaftliche Verein, of this city, has printed (in German) a lecture delivered before its members this winter by Mr. T. Bleecker Miller, of the New York bar, on English and Roman law considered as the product of Indo-Germanic nations. The author shows with great clearness that the English "common law" is a system with principles and a development of its own, and that the similarities between it and Roman law are not the result of imitation, but of the common origin and nature of the two nations. His conclusion is that Mr. Field's Code, which he describes as being a bad imitation of the Civil Code, and as faulty in construction and entirely wanting in all national elements, ought not to be adopted. Further study of the nature and history of our existing law must, according to him, precede any attempt at a general codification. This last assertion may be readily conceded, but only on the condition which Mr. Miller, and with him many other opponents of codification, seem to be too apt to overlook, that the study be carried on in a critical spirit, and not with a view to discover "the sublime simplicity and completeness of the common law." The tendency in the last fifty years has been to emancipate ourselves from the tyranny of the common law. In many particulars the change has been complete, as, for instance, in the greater part of our real-estate law. This reform has not been effected by slow and gradual development, but by direct legislation, as revolutionary as any codification could have been. In other points the progress is still going on, and it is here that a knowledge of the nature and origin of the doctrines will be most useful to us, as helping us to decide what to reject and what to retain. The old common law has not the completeness which its advocates claim for it, and it is senseless to speak of applying its principles to the manifold interests which have to be protected in our age, such as railroads, insurance companies, and innumerable other organizations. Society is radically changed, and the law has to be changed with it.

MOZLEY'S REMINISCENCES.—I.

Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement. By the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel, etc. 2 vols. London: Longmans; Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. MOZLEY'S "Reminiscences" do not possess the kind of interest which readers might expect from the title and from the known facts of the author's life. There is, therefore, a danger lest the true value and importance of a very singular book should be overlooked. If any one expects from the author an account or history of the Oxford Movement, he will be utterly disappointed. The Rector of Plumtree might, indeed, seem to have been created by fate for the historian of the theological reaction inaugurated by Newman and Pusey. He was, at Oxford, an early pupil of Newman; he was a Fellow of Oriel at the moment when Oriel was the centre of the intellectual life of the University; he was the follower, the helper, the friend of Newman when the celebrated Tracts were exciting all the religious world of England either with admiration or with indignation; he became connected with Newman by a close family tie; he edited the *British Critic* when that now forgotten pa-

per was the organ of militant Tractarianism. To Mr. Mozley every celebrated man connected with the earlier history of Puseyism was well known, either as a friend, an opponent, or at any rate an acquaintance. Hampden, Blanco White, Robert and Henry Wilberforce, Hurrell and Anthony Froude, Golithly, Charles Marriott, Dean Hook, Ward—every man, in short, whose name the public connects with the movement headed by the author of the "Apologia," and a host more of persons, such as Anthony Buller, Blencowe, Rickards, who, if they influenced their generation, never gained anything like public recognition, were intimate with the writer of the "Reminiscences." He shared their hopes and fears; he labored with them in the promotion of Tractarianism; he went as far with his companions on the way to Rome as any one who did not ultimately renounce his allegiance to the Church of England. He has remained to the last in full sympathy with the cause for which he fought and (as any one can see who reads his book) for which he has suffered. He looks back with nothing but admiration on the heroes of his youth:

"Now for a long time," he writes, "I have seen with more and more sadness that a period which in my memory is as a golden age has been vanishing from common mortal ken like a dream. The characters themselves, even to those of a less relation and a humbler degree, have to me an unearthly radiance, and I grieve to think that they should be forgotten: *carent quia vixit sacro*. To do them justice would require much more history and much more biography than will be found in these volumes, which are but planks saved from a great wreck of time."

Nor were the literary talents needed by an historian of the Oxford Movement wanting to Mr. Mozley. His two volumes, oddly enough, rather conceal than display to the reader their writer's reputation as a man of letters. Twenty years ago the former Curate of Moreton-Pinckney and Rector of Cholderton was known to the world rather in a lay than in an ecclesiastical character. The solid, silent, reserved gentleman, whose appearance suggested sound common sense and interest in the affairs of the world, rather than participation in any kind of ecclesiastical or religious cause, was acknowledged to be a leading writer in the *Times*; and the *Times*, it should be remembered, held at that period a preëminence among English journals which it has for years ceased to possess. Yet Mr. Mozley, in spite of his knowledge, his sympathies, and his gifts, has not narrated, or tried to narrate, the history of the Oxford Movement. It can hardly be said that he has made known any new facts which will be in themselves useful to any future student who undertakes to trace the course of religious opinion in England during the nineteenth century. A "legend" has been described by some old writer as a tale which is not worth reading; and an inquirer in search of mere facts will be inclined, after reading Mr. Mozley's pages, to define "reminiscences" as "things not worth remembering" nor, in fact, "remembered." For Mr. Justice Stephen, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and others, have shown that Mr. Mozley has done himself no injustice when he reminds us that "reminiscences are very suspicious matter," and when he again and again (as we must in fairness to him remember) calls attention to the uncertainty of his own recollections. His book is neither a history nor, properly speaking, a contribution to history. To a student anxious to collect or verify facts it will have little or no value. But, for all this, it is, as we have said, a book which has an importance, a value, an interest, and even a pathos of its own which no careful critic ought to overlook.

The "Reminiscences" are in fact a fragment of autobiography. If the word "confessions" had

not an ill sound, we should call them "Mr. Mozley's Confessions." As it is, we had rather term them self-revelations. The writer went through, in common with hundreds of his generation, a strange series of religious and moral experiences. A clergyman of the Church of England, he approached the very line which divides the highest of high Anglicans from the Church of Rome; and having gone so far, he in fact went no further. The true, if to a certain extent the unconscious, aim of the 'Reminiscences' is to explain to himself, perhaps as much as to others, the real history of a career which has the tragic element of every career that ends in something like failure. Looked at in this point of view, the very literary defects of the book become merits. The ceaseless digressions, the prominence given to petty details, the little personal anecdotes about the writer's own life—such, for example, as the history of his early admiration for the *Country Spectator*, and the very innocent piece of equivocation by which he led the Provost of Oriel to believe that young Mr. Mozley's style had been formed by reading the *Spectator* of Addison—the stories about men such as Frank Edgeworth, whose lives have no connection with the ostensible scheme of the book—all the petty details, in short, which are historically worthless become biographically of untold value. We learn from them that Mr. Mozley possesses the essential quality of an autobiographer. He broods over his own past feelings; he recalls every detail which is fixed in his memory by connection with sentiment. Hence we get from him a far truer picture of his own experiences than can be derived from autobiographies composed with the literary skill, say, of Newman or of Mill. The 'Apologia' of the one and the 'Autobiography' of the other are as narratives or compositions incomparably superior to the 'Reminiscences' of the former Fellow of Oriel, but they are, we suspect, far less true pictures of the "experiences" of the writers. Literary art inevitably conceals an author's true personality, and, moreover, both Newman and Mill, though differing in almost every other respect, agree at least in this, that each of them looks upon his own life as a course of complete moral and intellectual development. In neither case can you (from the writer's own point of view) speak of failure. Each stage in his life is, whether under the guidance of Providence or of reason, the appropriate preparation for its successor. The Cardinal, like the philosopher, feels, and makes his readers feel, that from beginning to end his life was a consistent whole. Neither of them was a man to indulge in the folly of triumph, but neither of them reveals the hesitations and uncertainties through which they must each at times have gone, or betrays any consciousness of having, after every effort, missed the mark of life.

With Mr. Mozley, as with most of us, it is otherwise. His tone from beginning to end is that of a person who feels that he has failed to hit upon or to keep to the path which he ought consistently to have followed. He was involved early in life in a great and, in his judgment, noble ecclesiastical movement. With the theories, the aspirations, the efforts of his Tractarian friends he completely sympathized, as we presume he still sympathizes. He believed, as he certainly still believes, in the preëminent virtues, nobility, and honesty of Newman.

"Young people," he writes, "are said to be physiognomists and judges of character. They know a true man. During the whole period of my personal acquaintance and communication with Newman, I never had any thought that he was more thoroughly in earnest and more entirely convinced of the truth of what he was saying than any other man I had come across yet. This conviction, I have to say, was to a

certain extent unconscious on my part, for I cannot remember ever to have entertained the question whether Newman did really believe everything he professed to believe. There never occurred anything to suggest the contrary."

While still combating for the cause of which he was a partisan, while still under the full weight of Newman's influence, Mr. Mozley, in common with scores of other clergymen, came at last face to face with the question whether he was not bound to go over to Rome. He was on the point of turning Roman Catholic; a word of encouragement from Newman would have decided the question. Newman pointed out to his follower that in his case delay was a duty. Characteristically enough, the teacher put the duty partly on the ground that Mozley had not finished rebuilding the church at Cholderton which he had undertaken, at great loss and labor to himself, to restore. The disciple obeyed his teacher, and the two years' delay decided the course of Mr. Mozley's life. He remained a clergyman of the Church of England. The matter for explanation is, Why he went so far toward Rome and no further? Two causes for hesitation in leaving the Anglican communion, which suggest themselves, may be at once dismissed. It must be as clear to any one who reads Mr. Mozley's 'Reminiscences' as any fact about another man can be, that the Rector of Cholderton was influenced in his course by no sordid or pecuniary motives. It is equally clear that Mr. Mozley was not kept from Rome by any strong speculative objections to the dogmas of Roman Catholicism. Mariolatry, the worship of the saints, transubstantiation, all the doctrines which not only zealous Protestants but many High Churchmen feel it hard to swallow, present, we gather, no special difficulty to Mr. Mozley. The course of argument by which he justifies his own beliefs or half-beliefs is difficult to follow. The one thing which is clear is, that he could easily have overcome any theoretical difficulties in the way of reconciliation with Rome. Yet with Rome he has never been reconciled. Mr. Mozley's leader and friend after friend passed over from Anglicanism to Romanism, but he himself did not follow. What was the explanation? The answer is best given in his own words:

"But why did I go so far, and why did I not go further? Why enter upon arguments, and not accept their conclusions? Why advance to stand still, and in doing so commit myself to a final retreat? The reasons of this lame and impotent conclusion lay within myself, wide apart from the great controversy in which I was but an intruder. I was never really serious, in a sober, business-like fashion. I had neither the power nor the will to enter into any great argument with the resolution to accept the legitimate conclusion. Even when I was sacrificing my days, my strength, my means, my prospects, my peace and quiet, all I had, to the cause, it was an earthly contest, not a spiritual one. It occupied me; it excited me; it gratified my vanity; it soothed my self-complacency; it identified me with what I honestly believed to be a very grand crusade; it offered me the hopes of contributing to great achievements. But good as the cause might be, and considerable as my part might be in it, I was never the better man for it, and, not being the better, I never was the wiser. In fact, it was to me, all or most of it, an outside affair."

The words we have underlined contain a solution which is clearly true, as far as it goes, of the puzzle presented by Mr. Mozley's conduct. The religious movement was to him "an outside affair." We may, perhaps, go a step further, and say that while education, position, and the force of circumstances had made him a clergyman, and while he had a sincere interest in clerical matters, he was not by nature well fitted for a clerical career. As an active combatant in an ecclesiastical crusade, he was in a false position. If error he made, the mistake lay in accepting a

leading position in a movement which did not interest the whole of his nature. The extreme and melancholy candor with which he confesses or reveals his own real or supposed errors would of itself disarm hostile criticism. But the truth is, that a critic can be fairer to Mr. Mozley than he is to himself. His virtues were at least as much the cause of the apparent failure of his life as were his deficiencies. Had he seceded to Rome, his career would have presented an appearance of moral consistency, but he would not really have been true to himself. With a secular turn of mind, he had also a fund of common sense which was lacking to some of his associates. Like most Englishmen, he tested the reasonableness, and therefore the rightness, of conduct by its obvious results. A logician might prove that, granting premises which Mr. Mozley probably still holds to be true, the Rector of Cholderton ought to have followed or to have preceded Newman to Rome; but we may feel pretty sure that Mr. Mozley's judgment, which is but another name for conscience, made him rightly unwilling to act upon premises which led, however logically, to a practical conclusion opposed to his common sense. "It is difficult," it has been said, "to keep Englishmen up to the dogmatic level." In other words, Englishmen are prone to verify theories by practical results. If Mr. Mozley could not keep himself up to the "dogmatic level," he followed the dictates of common sense. Of the enthusiasts who assumed the cross and then turned back from the crusades, hundreds were, we may believe, influenced neither by fear nor by self-interest, but by the silent and only half-conscious conviction that to perform the duties of parents, of husbands, and of citizens at home was better than to satisfy religious emotion by the sight of Palestine. Of such men, their thoughts and their struggles, the world hears far too little. It is no small gain to have the confession of a modern crusader who turned back from the war without reaching his Jerusalem.

RECENT NOVELS.

My Watch Below; or, Yarns Spun when Off Duty. By W. Clark Russell. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Multum in Parvo. A series of good stories, with no waste of words. By Charles Reade. Illustrated. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

A Tight Squeeze; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman who, on a wager of ten thousand dollars, undertook to go from New York to New Orleans in three weeks without money, as a professional tramp. By "Staats." Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Look Before You Leap. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. Henry Holt & Co. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 139.]

Le Million. Roman Parisien. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Dentu; New York: F. W. Christern.

Count Sylvius. From the German of Georg Horn. By M. J. Safford. G. W. Harlan.

The Bridal March, and other Stories. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norse, by Rasmus B. Anderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Vice-Versâ; or, A Lesson to Fathers. By F. Anstey. D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

MR. RUSSELL's latest nautical venture consists of a collection of short tales of the sea, relating to almost every sort of ship and voyage. The stories are too loaded down with description, though the description is very good; but no one can look through the volume without finding something to his taste. For those who like

tales of acute suffering, endurance, and bravery, we can recommend the "Wreck of the *Indian Chief*," while, at the opposite extreme, nothing could be better than the "Flying Dutchman," a yarn spun by one of the crew of the *Sallie G.*, an American bark, which not only sighted the phantom ship, as many other vessels have done, but was actually boarded by her commander, and boarded her in return. The conversation which takes place among the crew on sighting her is perfect in its way:

"I saw the mate working away at the brig's starn with a spyglass, and then he turns to the captain, who had come on deck, and says, 'Captain,' says he, 'I can't see no name.' 'Here, give me hold,' says the captain, and he took the glass and looked himself, and then says, 'No; there's no name. But I'll tell 'ee what, Mr. Anderson, there's *bin* a name there, but the water's washed the letterin' away.' 'Well,' says the mate, 'I reckon she must be a diving job. They've fished her up out o' deep water, and ye may take her to be a showman's speculation, sir.' The cook was standing near the pumps looking at her, and he says to me, who was anigh him, 'Bill,' he says, 'd'ye notice her deck-house is green?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I see that, cook.' I says, 'That means, Bill,' says he, in a slow way, and looking strange, 'that she's a Dutchman.' 'She ought to be,' says I. 'I don't know that we ought to be glad that we met her, Bill,' says the cook; 'I'd as lief be shipmates with a Fin as keep that wessel company.' 'Why, what ails ye, cook?' says I; 'what's the matter with the brig?' 'Look at her,' says he, shaking his head and speaking hollow like. I thought he wasn't worth while paying attention to. The cook, sir, was a man as believed in ghosts, and was a werry ignorant person. He couldn't read nor write, but he was extraordinary positive."

The beauty of this story is that it is absolutely impossible to tell at the end whether the sailor himself believes any part of it, or whether he simply regards the spinning of such yarns as the proper tribute to be paid to superstition, or whether he is really an agnostic humorist, who regards the invention of such a yarn merely as a joke. Superstition must die out on sea as it has on land, and possibly the present generation of tars are beginning to take the same views of legends like that of the Flying Dutchman as are taken by landmen.

If Herbert Spencer's law of economy in style were the only one to be attended to, Charles Reade would be one of the greatest masters of style in English fiction. He has always prided himself on not wasting words, and in his "Miltum in Parvo" he advertises the fact in the title. The stories which he tells in it are three in number, but the first, the "History of an Acre," is not so much a story as an article designed to show up the wickedness of attempting to "improve" Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge, in London, and the manner in which the dastardly attempts that have been made have been foiled by the author and others. "The Knightsbridge Mystery" is a short murder story, and "Singleheart and Doubleface" a tale of true love, blackguardism, desertion, and bigamy. Sarah Mansell, the heroine, is married to a man who first takes to drink, then wastes, and finally steals her money, and in the end robs her of the savings of several years, in order to carry them off to another woman with whom he has made a pretended marriage in New York. Sarah is true to the wretch through everything till she discovers the existence of the second wife, when she suddenly turns to stone, gets back the money, and sails for England, waving the notes, which he supposes to have been stolen from him, from the deck of an Atlantic steamer. This plot illustrates one of Mr. Reade's peculiarities, his belief that the key to woman's character is always sex. His women are all very much alike because they are generally guided by those qualities of mind and heart which all women possess in common. They are capable of much fidelity, they are unintellectual, they have a strong instinct of maternity, they

can endure cruelty, lies, abandonment, and imposition and outrage of all kinds from a man they love; but the passion of jealousy once roused, they are changed, and all their affection is turned into coldness, into bitterness and hate. His women are not at all given to subtleties, or analysis, or introspection. Their business is to love, and round this all their traits revolve. It is very much the same at bottom with his men, though as his men are less interesting than his women, less attention has been paid by critics to this. But all his men are masculine types rather than individuals. They behave, either as villains or good men, wonderfully naturally. Yet we do not often remember their individual traits. We can hardly form a picture in our mind of any of his heroes or heroines. This may be partly owing to the rapidity of style to which we have referred, and which never seems to leave him time for any of those details which make us really familiar, at least for the time, with the characters of many less powerful writers of fiction. We rush at lightning speed through his books, and feel often as if he not merely liked to economize words, but hated the waste of time occupied in telling the story, and would if he could resort to algebraic symbols and formulas. His fondness for the dramatic form is closely connected with this. He sees a scene before him, which he has not the patience to describe, but must bring out as fast as possible with theatrical verbal coups. Notwithstanding this blemish, "Miltum in Parvo" shows that he retains his power as a story-teller, and many a reader of "Single Heart and Doubleface" will find an added pleasure in the memories it calls up of the fascination produced by "Never too Late to Mend" and "Christie Johnstone."

The author of "A Tight Squeeze" appears to have made a study of tramp life in the United States, and his story, if it does not throw much new light on this subject, furnishes sufficient entertainment. It abounds in tramp slang, a dialect which most readers will find new to them; and the adventures of Mr. Benjamin Cleveland on his way from New York to New Orleans involve, besides a full account of the difficulties and dangers of tramp life, a story of love and romance which, if improbable, is wild and exciting. As a novel, the book is, however, hardly good enough to merit notice. Its value consists in its picture of the class in which Mr. Cleveland temporarily enrolled himself. The tramp was hardly known in the United States till the close of the war; in fact, the word itself was not included in our vocabulary. Within the past fifteen or sixteen years the type has become common over most of the United States, and in some parts of the country the species has become a social pest, and has been legislated against as such. If "Staats's" account of the matter is true, though he does not suggest this explanation himself, the tramp has become common in the United States because the temper of the people offers him opportunities for an easy existence such as he could hardly find anywhere else in the world. A taste for liquor is mentioned as being in most cases what leads to tramp life; but that is clearly not what enables the tramp to get along so well, after he has acquired it. His real capital is the easy-going good-nature and benevolence of the people which insures him a night's rest and a meal, sometimes money and clothes, no matter how degraded he may be. He never starves, and he has many opportunities for getting a comfortable night's shelter, and even on many railroads no very serious efforts are made to prevent his stealing rides. In Pittsburg, if "Staats" is to be believed, the benevolent have provided a "Home" where any tramp may get a comfortable housing and meals, and this place

is said to have a nightly attendance of from 250 to 400 all the year round. This is undoubtedly an extreme case, but if such an institution exists in any city, it of course affords a premium on vagabondage. The objection to punishing tramping as a crime is that it leads to the punishment of honest men who are merely temporarily out of work; but to compulsory labor there can hardly be any objection. A man really in search of work will not object to such a punishment, and the true tramp will receive a treatment which will do him more good than anything in the world. "Staats's" idea seems to be that tramping will never cease till the liquor trade is put down. Like all Prohibitionists, he looks forward to the suppression of the liquor trade as sure to lead to the cessation of crime, vagabondage, and all forms of misery throughout the world. But, as we have said, the desire for liquor is only a symptom of the disease; and, besides this, we cannot afford to wait for the prohibitory millennium. We have the tramp with us already, and we must take his liking for liquor as an unfortunate concomitant of his condition, over which we have little or no check, and proceed to impose on him those restraints of incarceration and labor which, for the time being, at any rate, bring his tramping to an end.

Mrs. Alexander seldom writes a dull novel, and she has the art of making use of the improbable in such a way as to make it seem natural, and yet not lose its interest. Her tenderness of heart will not permit her to bring her characters to bad ends, and "Look Before You Leap" is far from being a tragedy. Yet there is suffering enough in it to bring a tear to the eye of a sympathetic reader; in fact, the description of poor Marie Delvigne's distress and misery when, on her wedding-day, her husband falsely accuses her of imposing upon him and leaves her, is heartrending. The women are good throughout, and the men are far from bad, though as a woman Mrs. Alexander understands, and is able to describe, better the operations of the feminine than the masculine mind and heart. But the ingenuity with which the improbable incidents of the tale are worked together is really its most remarkable feature. That Marie should be able to hide herself away in London, notwithstanding the active search that is going on for her, is probable enough, but what shall we say of her actually falling in with, and being protected and sheltered by, her own husband's half-brother, without either discovering who the other is? And yet, owing to the fact of the quarrel between Neville and Watson, all this seems natural enough in reading it.

There can no longer be any doubt that a change has come over the French, and that they are showing a far greater interest in literature. Not long ago 10,000 was considered an enormous sale for a novel. Now, one novel of M. Zola's has sold nearly 120,000, and another has sold nearly 100,000 in two or three years. M. Claretie's "M. le Ministre" has sold 50,000, and M. Halévy's "Abbé Constantin" 30,000 in barely a year; and now "Le Million" comes across the water to us, and though in reality it is "just ready," it is already in its tenth edition. Nor are these greatly-increased sales caused by any scandal or any meretricious attempt to enforce attention—except in M. Zola's case, of course. "M. le Ministre" has but little "Frenchness," and the "Abbé Constantin" none at all, nor have any of Mme. Gréville's pleasant novels, which average a sale of 10,000 each. Indeed, there are many encouraging symptoms of a clearing of the moral atmosphere in French fiction, and of these perhaps the success of "Le Million" is one of the plainest. Like "M. le Ministre," it is a novel of modern life in Paris,

and it is constructed on the same lines as its predecessors, although the subject is less striking and less strong. It has the usual brilliant sketches of certain aspects of modern Paris, but the story itself is purely domestic, and its interest lies chiefly in the study of two or three feminine characters. There is a curious similarity in the machinery of the plot in 'Le Million' with that used in Mr. Norris's 'Heaps of Money.' But in both the English story and the French the interest of the plot is secondary to the development and transformation of the heroine's character under the sudden accession of wealth.

Georg Horn's 'Count Sylvius' was well worth the trouble of translation, although it does not contain anything very novel in its plot or very subtle in its analysis of character. It does not belong to the realistic school, inasmuch as all the good characters are persistently good and clever, and all the bad persistently bad, while at the end the former are rewarded by prosperity and a triple marriage, and the latter either killed or routed. But as these results are not brought about in the manner of an operatic finale, but as a legitimate outcome of the narrative, the reader is kept in pleasant suspense till the end. Good use is made of the three familiar types of a Jesuitical intriguer, a count who has gambled away his fortune, and, having turned lawyer, displays remarkable acuteness of intellect, and an aged naturalist, whose laborious researches among old monastic manuscripts provide him with a hint which leads to the discovery of vast treasures among the ruins of a monastery. One of the heroines is a young girl of aristocratic descent, who is thrown on her own resources, struggles bravely against the temptations which surround her, and ends as heiress to the discovered treasures. The other is a proud, wayward society belle, whose inordinate vanity induces her to make secret use of the juices of a poisonous plant to improve her complexion. The discovery of this plant in her room leads to her implication in a trial for an attempt at poisoning, from which she is rescued by the astuteness of the Count. Although the description of this trial is the most exciting thing in the book, it does not subject the author to the suspicion of being a professional detective. The oddest thing about this work is an occasional naïveté in the style and the dialogue, which gives rise to the conjecture that they were written by another hand—probably the author's wife or his amanuensis; almost equally odd is the confession of one of the girls that she would never wish to marry a so-called handsome man, because such a man is "more unendurable than a woman who smokes cigars." The translation is good.

Nine stories of peasant life in Norway, of which "The Bridal March" is the first and longest, make up the volume bearing this title. In them Björnson does for Norway what Auerbach did for the Black Forest or Daudet for Elsass. Half pastoral, half idyl, they have the true poetic charm, and one finds in them the whole range of experience of a still primitive people. The sketch of the horse Blakken, "the greatest wonder of the diocese"—"Bear Blakken" they called him for his prowess in defending the mare and her foal—and the little story of "A Dangerous Wooing" are in a sort parallel passages. Leif, who dies in his attempt to reach the eagle's nest, is in spirit the elder brother of Thorvald, the priest's son, who carries off with him the whole school to meet the victorious bear-hunter and his booty.

"Let us go," said he, as he pulled open the door, so excited that he could scarcely speak.

"But the schoolmaster!" asked some of the children.

"The deuce take the schoolmaster! The

bear! The bear!" cried Thorvald, and could say no more.

"Hurrah!" shouted all, both girls and boys, and up from their seats, and out through the door, they sprang, and off they ran over field and wood to Boën, as though there was no such thing as a schoolmaster in the whole world."

They are strange men, strong as giants, bold to recklessness, but withal of an obedient fidelity that silently accepts authority. A widow is left with six little sons. The eldest two promise, over the father's corpse, to take care of the others—a promise they consider fulfilled only when the youngest brother is confirmed. Then they marry and go away. Later the mother decides that two shall stay with her, and two shall have half the farm to themselves. "But of the couple that left home, one must marry—for they would need help about the house and the cattle; and the mother named the girl whom she would like to have for a daughter-in-law." But which son shall marry?

"Finally they agreed with the mother that the girl should be allowed to decide the matter. And up at the summer stable one evening the mother asked her if she would be willing to come to the plains as a wife, and the girl proved to be quite willing. Well, then, which of the boys would she like to marry? for she could have whichever one she pleased. So the next to the eldest married the girl, and the eldest moved with him into the new home."

Still later the mother's health began to fail, and there must be more help at the farm. The youngest brother goes to engage permanently a girl who had sometimes worked for them.

"Now the youngest must for some time have had a secret liking for this girl, for when he came to speak to her he did it in such a singular manner that she thought he was asking her to marry him, and she said, 'Yes.' The youth was frightened, and going at once to his brothers told them what a mistake had been made. They all four became very grave, and none of them dared utter the first word."

But the mother grows suddenly ill, so, "The youngest proposed that as long as the mother lay in bed no change must be made, and this was agreed to; for the girl must have no more to care for than the mother. Thus it remained." It lasted for sixteen years; "the sons met every evening for devotions, at her bedside," and one day this was for the last time. "And when the body was laid to rest, and the six sons had filled the grave, the whole procession repaired to the church, for there the youngest son was to be married; the brothers would have it so, because this funeral and wedding really belonged together." The other extreme is vividly and beautifully sketched in the second half of "The Bridal March," "when the wonder and rapture of love burst upon Mildred and Hans in a moment, in a single look."

As to the translation, though there are passages which might be improved, Professor Anderson has performed the very difficult task before him with much skill. An original so low in tone, so simple in drawing, is ten times harder to reproduce adequately than a more highly colored picture. On the one side is the danger of exaggeration, on the other the constant tendency of simplicity to fall into flatness.

'Vice-Versâ' is the most successful extravaganza which has appeared in English for many years. This is not, perhaps, saying much; for extravaganza-writing, though often attempted, generally fails in English, from a certain clumsiness of imagination which is apt to produce mere grotesque exaggeration in the place of genuine humor. Mr. Trollope, in his 'Fixed Period,' and the author of the 'Revolt of Man' have tried their hands at satirical extravaganza, and have succeeded in producing only extravagant satire. 'Vice-Versâ' recalls, in a way, some of About's best stories—"The Nose of a

Notary' and 'The Man with the Broken Ear'—but it is thoroughly English in conception and in execution. By the accidental aid of an Eastern talisman, a father and his son exchange bodies, without any change of mind or character being effected. Paul Bultitude, the father, a sober, practical, money-getting merchant of advanced years, a stern parent who has no sympathies with youth or its follies, becomes, in outward appearance, the counterpart of his son Dick, a high-spirited, good-humored, and irresponsible boy of fourteen, who is just on the point of being sent back to school. Dick, seeing that the opportunity is too good to be lost, invokes the powers of magic to produce a corresponding metamorphosis in himself, and, presto! he becomes an exact copy of his late father, whom, in the most unfilial manner, he packs off to school in his stead. The father, of course, cannot resist; but at school he has a considerably worse time of it than Dick ever had, as his character bears no resemblance to Dick's, and at once attracts the very unfavorable attention of his school-fellows. They, of course, think him to be Dick, and cannot understand the change which has come over his whole character. Instead of being bold and courageous, as he had been at the last term, he is practically non-resistant, and shows no fight, no matter how hard pressed, except on one occasion, when, exasperated beyond endurance, he hits one of his persecutors a foul blow—this, however, making his case worse than it was before. He takes no interest in the sports in which Dick was most proficient, neglects and outrages the feelings of the little girl to whom he had been attentive, and, more horrible than all the rest, turns out to be a sneak and tell-tale. His conversation is not that of a boy at all, and, altogether, the popular Dick Bultitude is converted into a monster, to be alternately persecuted and shunned by his former friends and companions. Meanwhile the real Dick is playing his father's part quite as badly, but with much more satisfaction to himself. He proceeds to lead the life which, as a boy, he regarded as the natural privilege of advanced years—that is, to do exactly what he pleases, to fill his house with a society congenial to his tastes, to attend to his father's business by simply taking what money out of it he needs for his somewhat lavish mode of life, to make love to his cook, and, in fact, to scandalize his friends and neighbors in a variety of ways which have a serious effect upon his reputation as a business man. How the knot is untied and Paul and Dick restored to their respective bodies, we shall leave the reader to find out for himself. In the end, no mischief has been done, but Paul has been taught a lesson as to the proper treatment of children by their fathers.

The stern and unsympathetic father is so rare a character in American life that Mr. Anstey's "lesson" will be rather wasted upon parents on this side of the Atlantic; but the picture of Paul Bultitude at school is of universal interest, and explains completely the success of the book. The contrast between the boy way of looking at life and the mature way, as illustrated by the false Dick's adventures at Dr. Grimstone's school, is as good as it could possibly be; and Mr. Anstey has managed, by means of his thorough comprehension of boy character, to give a wonderful effect of naturalness to an apparently impossible situation. He has a great gift of humor, and his boy dialogues are wonderful. The school (a private one) is evidently taken from life, but so true is it to the universal traits of all private schools that Americans will find themselves quite at home in it. The book is too long; after the first surprise and amusement that the situation at the school produces, the reader becomes accustomed to it, and the effect

fades out. But the first third or half of the story is extremely amusing, and it is difficult to imagine any one who has ever been a boy and gone to a boarding-school finding it anything but extremely diverting.

Selected Odes of Pindar. With Notes and an Introduction, by Thomas D. Seymour, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Yale College. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 1882. 12mo, pp. 1-252.

PROFESSOR SEYMOUR has found and filled a gap in the list of college text-books. Of all the great Greek writers, Pindar is the least read. We have before us the catalogues of several colleges of established reputation in whose "courses of study" the name of the poet does not appear. The mention of two of the many reasons for this fact will be sufficient for our present purpose. In the first place, Pindar is what college-boys call "awful hard." An undergraduate may have completed his Greek course with credit to himself and satisfaction to his professor, and yet, lay before him a copy of Pindar containing the text only, and he will almost certainly stick fast in the first two lines of the first ode. A good commentary and a great deal of it are required. In the second place, we have hitherto had no edition of Pindar, edited in English, which was suitable for a college text-book. Editions with suitable notes of the whole of Pindar's works are too bulky and too costly. A fitting selection, accompanied by the proper apparatus, did not exist. The limited demand and the want of a good edition have tended to prolong each other. Publishers did not like to invest their capital in a text-book for which apparently only a small sale could be expected; professors hesitated to introduce the study of any part of the works of an author of whom no suitable text-book could be procured. Professor Seymour has brought to bear the learning, ability, and good taste requisite to prepare, and Messrs. Ginn, Heath & Co. have had the courage to publish, the needed book.

We have no space for minute criticism, but will endeavor to give a general account of the work and make a few suggestions which would, perhaps, improve the second edition which we hope will be required. The introduction gives an account of the life and works of Pindar, of the manuscripts and editions of his works, and of the great national festivals and games in honor of victories at which the odes were composed. We know of no account which is at once so full, so interesting, and so useful. The reader finishes that portion which treats of almost the only institutions of Greece to which the epithet "national" could be properly applied, with the impression produced by the perusal of an interesting book—not of a chapter in a dry treatise on archæology. Yet he will seldom find so much learning within so small a space. We would, with some hesitation, suggest whether it would not be well to add after the introduction one—perhaps two—of the five Greek biographies of Pindar which have come down to us, and of which Professor Seymour gives us some account—the first as a very favorable specimen of the versification of a Greek grammarian, and the fourth as a specimen of the Greek written eighteen centuries after Pindar's time. After the introduction is a chronological table of such political and literary events as it is most desirable for the beginner in Pindaric studies to know. Then comes the Greek text, occupying seventy-three pages. Fifteen odes are selected—exactly one-third of the whole number extant. The remaining six pages contain the more important fragments of odes which have for the most part perished. With two unimportant exceptions,

the text is that of Theodor Bergk's fourth edition (Leipzig, 1878).

The selection includes the fourth Pythian, by far the longest of all the Pindaric odes. We think it would have been well to include the fifth Pythian. The two were written to celebrate the same event, but the fifth is almost certainly the genuine triumphal ode written at the request of the victor Arcesilaus, King of Cyrene. The fourth was a piece of job-work written at the request of a third party for the furtherance of a political object. Whatever may be thought of the propriety of including the fifth Pythian, we are decidedly of opinion that room should have been found or made for the tenth Pythian. That ode, judged solely upon its merits, may not be more entitled to a place than any one of those selected, but it has an historical and literary interest apart from its merits. It is the earliest of the extant works of Pindar. It was written when he was only twenty years old, in honor of the victory in the long foot-race for boys, won by Hippocles, one of the powerful Thessalian family, the Aleuadæ. Notwithstanding some remarks in the introduction of Professor Seymour, we think there is strong evidence, for which we have here no room, tending to show that it was with this ode that Pindar commenced his career as a professional poet and musician; for it must never be forgotten that these odes were intended not to be read merely, but to be "performed." The author wrote the verses, and composed the music and arranged the evolutions of the dance by which they were accompanied. That before the composition of this ode Pindar had already given evidence of his ability is highly probable, but we strongly incline to the opinion that had he been a modern composer this ode is the one which he would have selected to mark as his "Opus 1." At any rate, it is the earliest of his works of which we know anything. It is the composition of a boy in honor of the victory of a boy. As such, it will attract the attention of boys, and deserves a place in a selection made for their use.

Professor Seymour's commentary, which follows the text, gives abundant evidence of minute and thorough scholarship. There is a special introduction to each ode explaining the occasion of its composition, followed by notes on words and passages. We notice one important point in the construction of the notes. Whenever a passage is cited from another author, or from works of Pindar not included in this volume, the passage is given with sufficient fulness for all the purposes of its citation. It is too often the fault of text-books, especially of English text-books, that the student, when he encounters a difficulty, finds a note upon it giving him the interesting information that in some other book, which most probably he has no means of consulting, he will find something which may help him. We called attention to this fault in a recent note on Mr. Jerram's edition of the "Helena" of Euripides. But even to others than college students it is a comfort to be able to read a book without being obliged to have a whole classical library at hand, or, if you have one, being obliged to consult it every five minutes in order to derive any pleasure or profit from the book itself. A chapter on the dialect of Pindar, one on the metres, and three very good indexes, complete the work. The schemes of the metres are constructed according to the principles of Dr. J. H. H. Schmidt, which within the last few years have worked such a revolution in the theory of metrical composition.

To students and professors who may desire to include in their college course some portion of the works of Pindar, this edition offers advantages possessed by no other. Those who may intend to make the works of Pindar a special

object of study can do no better than to begin with a careful perusal of this edition, as being at once the shortest and best general introduction and guide to more extensive researches.

Memoir of Daniel Macmillan. By Thomas Hughes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

DANIEL MACMILLAN, one of the founders of the publishing house that bears his name, was no ordinary man. Without a university training, he had yet acquired an extensive knowledge of books and general literature, and he looked upon himself as called upon to share in the great work of the advancement of the world in knowledge and goodness. The selling and publishing of books was only a means to a very high end.

"Bless your heart," he writes to a friend while still a shopman at £80 a year, "you never surely thought you were merely working for bread! Don't you know that you are cultivating good taste among the natives of Glasgow; helping to unfold a love of the beautiful among those who are slaves to the useful, or what they call the useful? I look on you as a great teacher or prophet, doing work just of the kind that God has appointed you to do. We booksellers, if we are faithful to our task, are trying to destroy, and are helping to destroy, all kinds of confusion, and are aiding our great Taskmaster to reduce the world into order, and beauty, and harmony. Bread we must have, and gain it by the sweat of our brow, or of our brain, and that is noble, because God-appointed. Yet that is not all. As truly as God is, we are his ministers, and help to minister to the well-being of the spirits of men. At the same time it is our duty to manage our affairs wisely, keep our minds easy, and not trade beyond our means" (pp. 115, 116).

All his life he was a profoundly religious man, and strove to realize in action the theory of life he had embraced. "Of all men I have known personally," says his biographer, "he was the one who lived most constantly and consciously eye to eye with death"; for the disease of which he died struck him before he was twenty, and he was never a really sound man from that day. His early training, too, had deepened his religious feeling, so that from his earliest years his mind was filled with awful thoughts of life and death. Though poor, he belonged to a race of Scottish peasants of whom Carlyle's father may be taken as the type. Than his father, he writes, "a braver, a more upright man never left this world," while his mother was "the most perfect lady in all Scotland," there being "nobody like her in the whole world." Withal, however, there was in him a perfect sincerity and veracity, and a corresponding hatred of mere sentimentalism and "the great deal of humbug about religious people," whom he wished "to be manly, and frank, and open, and to give up using slang phrases." For, not the least interesting feature of the narrative is its exhibition of the process by which the spirit of the age laid hold of Daniel Macmillan, and the old clothes of his Scottish Calvinism were laid aside in favor of the enlarged ideas of which he himself, as well as his friend Maurice, was a distinguished advocate.

The author has styled his volume a "Memoir." It is in reality a well-written biography, interesting—it might perhaps have been still more so—for many side-lights which it throws upon contemporary life. In an interview with Archdeacon Hare, reported in one of his most characteristic letters, Macmillan writes that, speaking of Wordsworth, "Hare says that notwithstanding his greatness he really and heartily admires very few poets. Milton and Spenser, these he loves and appreciates; scarcely any other. Hare doubts his hearty admiration of Shakspeare." And again, subsequently: "He was wrapt up in his own view of things, which hindered him from understanding and even seeing what was

not included in his own world." The following is a graphic sketch of Carlyle as a lecturer in London, drawn by Daniel, who was present once:

"He lectures without notes of any kind, having thrown aside even the piece of paper, like a visiting card, which he used to bring with him. He is very far from being a fluent speaker. Sometimes he rises into eloquence and gets applauded; sometimes he comes to a dead stand for want of a word, quietly looking in the face of his audience till he finds the word; sometimes he leaves his sentences in a quite unfinished state, and passes on to something else. He rarely moves his hands from the sides of his desk. When he does it is to rub his two forefingers along his forehead, just above his eyebrows. This seems to be of great use, enabling him to get on much better—at least I suppose so, because he always said his best things after one or two of these rubs.

"His whole appearance and manner is exceedingly simple. I never saw any one so completely free from anything like pretension. His accent and pronunciation is very broad Scotch; much more so, I think, than Dr. Chalmers's. His dress is plain and simple enough, but no way remarkable.

"It was a great treat to get a sight of such an audience. I never saw so many fine faces—true aristocrats, according to my Radical notion of an aristocrat. There must be great satisfaction to a thinker uttering his thoughts to such listeners. The number, as near as one could guess, was about three hundred. From the lecture-room door to Portman Square was quite lined with carriages. This shows that very many of his hearers belong to the 'influential classes' (pp. 92, 93).

Architecture: Classic and Early Christian. By T. Roger Smith, F.R.I.B.A., and John Slater, R.A., F.R.I.B.A. London: Sampson Low; New York: Scribner & Welford. 1882.

THIS little handbook, addressed, not to students, but to the general public, contains, within its compass of 250 pages, a well-arranged and compendious description of the architecture of Greece, Rome, and of the Early Christians, with brief statements of some primitive Asiatic forms. It answers, for the most part in a satisfactory and intelligent manner, the questions which the

reader of general history is constantly asking respecting the development, characteristics, and significance of the greater architectural styles. In supplying this information, the writers have, with good judgment, proposed to confine themselves to the statement of well-ascertained facts and accepted theories, avoiding all open questions and all temptations for brilliant writing. The historical sequence is traced in successive brief chapters, embracing in due order the architecture of Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Greece, the Etruscans, and of Rome, followed by their Byzantine, Romanesque, and Mohammedan derivatives, preparatory to the treatment of Gothic and Renaissance architecture, which occupies a separate volume. The only interruption to this natural sequence is a short chapter on Hindu, Chinese, and Japanese architecture, which is somewhat grotesquely interjected between those on Persia and Greece, having no discovered relations with either.

The method pursued in each chapter is to present the historical statement of the style; to describe the progress of its development from previous forms; to define its general characteristics in outline, with illustrations by a very few examples of the more monumental and better-known types; and to close with an analysis of the plan, walls, roofs, openings, columns, ornaments, and architectural character. The comparison of these successive analyses, assisted by the numerous woodcuts, which, though for the most part such as have become conventionalized by long service in similar treatises, are well chosen and clearly executed, cannot fail to justify to the unprofessional reader this system of exposition. But though the plan of the book very properly, as we have said, excludes the discussion of disputed points, and recognizes only established facts, it is to be regretted that, in respect to the all-important hypæthral question, the authors have presented only the theories of Bötticher and Fergusson, without noting that contrary views are held by other writers equally versed in archaeological knowledge,

such as Prof. Reber and J. T. Clarke. We note also that, in treating of the early Christian basilicas, the interesting question of their orientation is not touched upon, nor the change of the apse from its position at the west end, as in the early basilicas, to the east end, as in the later and mediæval churches. Upon page 219 a woodcut of carving from the Golden Door of Jerusalem is given in illustration of the influence of Byzantine art upon the sculpture of Syria. It is curious that an authority so learned as M. de Sauley uses this same example in illustration of his ingenious and poetical theory that the art of Byzantium found some of its most characteristic inspirations upon the soil of Judea itself—the birthplace of Christianity. It would not be difficult to quote other statements either of doubtful or not-unquestioned authority, but on the whole this little work presents the essential facts of the case with better scholarship and in better form than any treatise of similar scope with which we are acquainted. As such, we commend it heartily to the general reader.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Anstey, F. Vice-Versâ; or, A Lesson to Fathers. D. Appleton & Co.
 Barr, Amelia E. The Young People of Shakespeare's Dramas. D. Appleton & Co.
 Björnson, B. Captain Mansana, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.
 Bryant, W. C. Three Great Poems: Thanatopsis, The Flood of Years, Among the Trees. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.
 Charles Dickens Birthday Book. Thomas Whittaker. \$1 25.
 Clark, A. R. L. L. L.; or, Fifty Law Lessons. D. Appleton & Co.
 Didon, H. Science Without God. Thomas Whittaker. \$1 25.
 Dime Series of Question-Books. U. S. History and Civil Government; Physiology; Theory and Practice; Literature; A Treatise on Education; The New Education. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 10 cents each.
 Eggleston, G. C. The Wreck of the Red Bird. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Grove, G. Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Parts 15, 16. Schöberlechner to Sketches. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
 Jones, L. E. The Best Reading: a Classified Record of Current Literature. Second Series. 1876 to 1882. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
 Keay, J. S. Spoiling the Egyptians: a Tale of Shame. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cents.
 Lazarus, Emma. Songs of a Semite. New York: American Hebrew.
 Nervous System. [Health Primers.] D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents.

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